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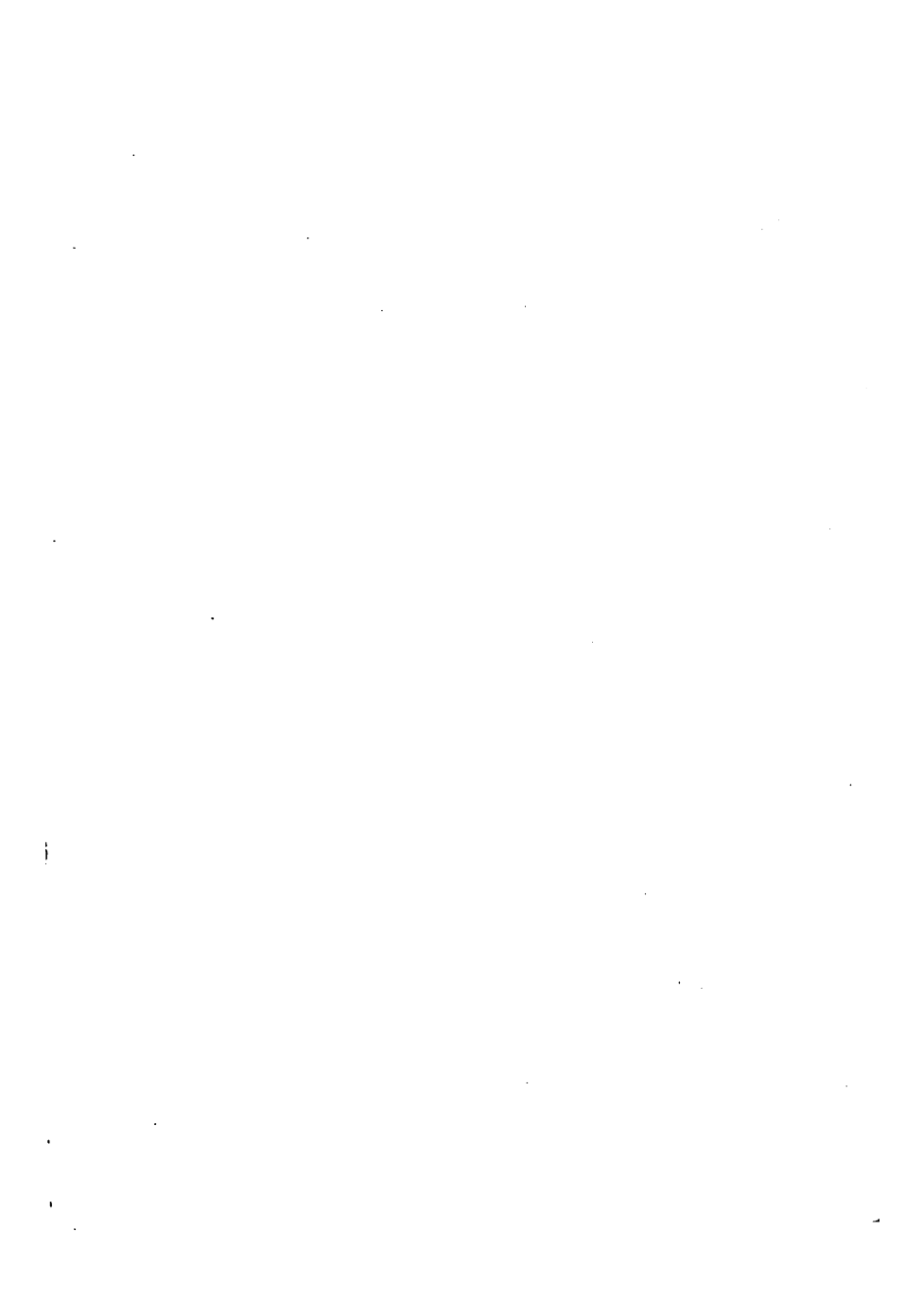
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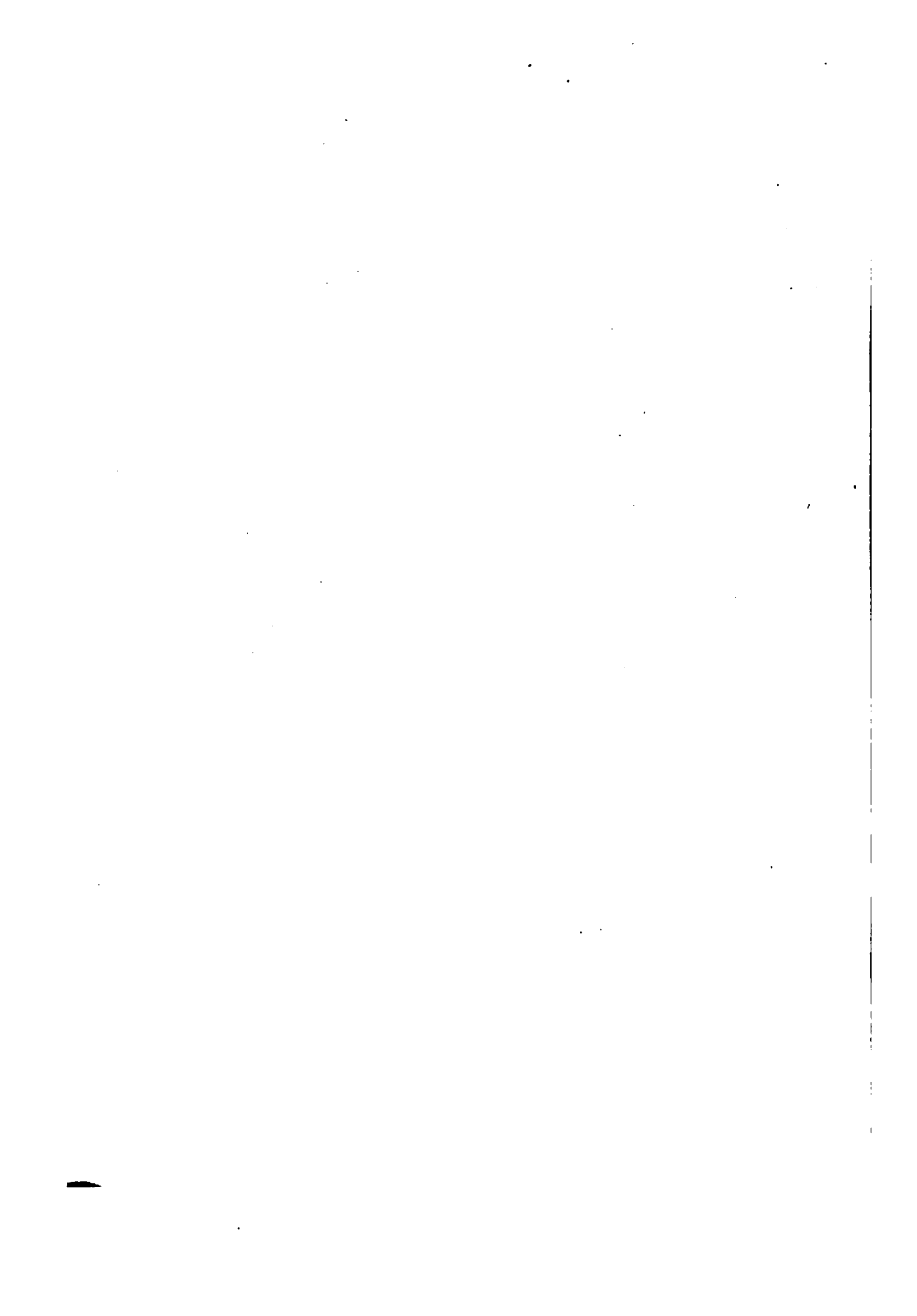
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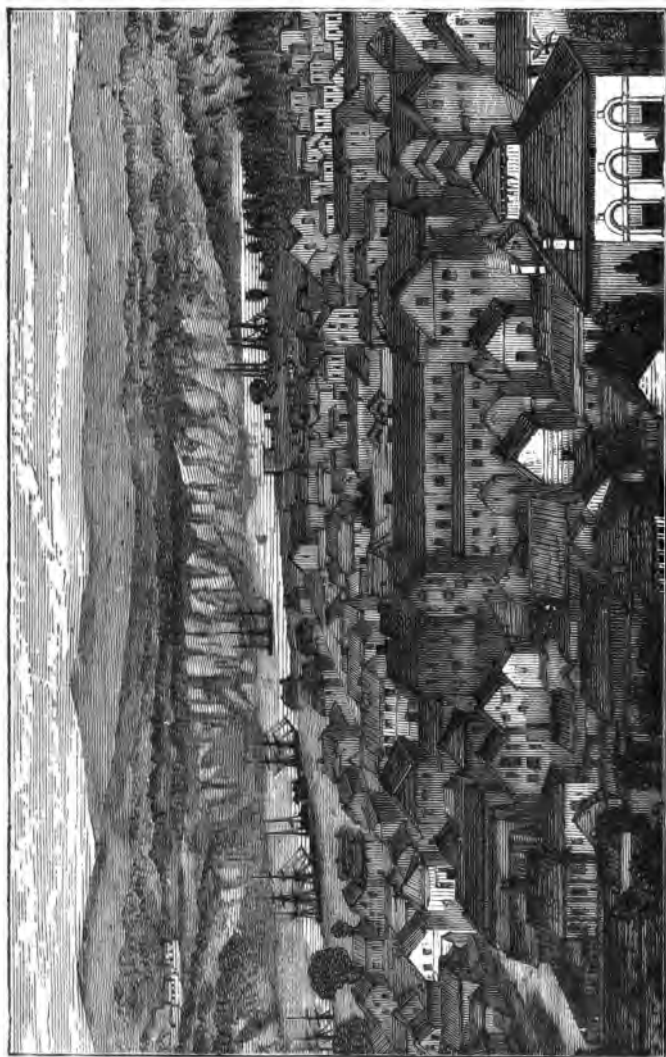
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BRISBANE.

BOUND FOR AUSTRALIA

ON BOARD THE ORIENT.

A Passenger's Log.

BY

W. OSBORNE LILLEY, F.R.H.S.

Author of "The Brothers Turville," "Sheen from My Thought Wares,"

"Robert Raikes," "Poor James," &c.

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Preface.



HIS little book is written with the hope that those who intend to take a voyage to Australia may find in it counsel and guidance. It is an attempt to describe the daily experiences of a voyage in a large steamship.

The work claims no literary excellence; it was written amid the babel of sounds incident to saloon life at sea, and the author is too far away to revise it as it passes through the press. It is simply a record of facts accompanied by a medley of reflections. It is written in a religious spirit. The pious man finds much to test his faith and patience on the voyage, but his principles become doubly dear to him, as he sees where the lack of them leads others, and he realizes how powerful they are to sustain him amid new scenes and dangers.

The *Orient* is one of the finest Australian liners. She was built by Messrs. John Elder & Co., of Glasgow, and was launched on June 8th, 1879. She was named the *Orient* by Lady Gertrude Boyle, daughter of the Earl of Glasgow. The ship has a splendid reputation for speed and safety, and I would express the hope that the thousands whom she will probably convey to this sunny clime will have as safe, and, on the whole, as pleasant a voyage as I had. I wish to acknowledge here the courtesy of the officers of the ship in furnishing me with the information necessary for this work, and also my indebtedness to several of my fellow-passengers, especially to Mr. F. A. Carter, of Park House, Brighton, for the loan of literature on the sea.

W. O. LILLEY.

Brisbane, Queensland.

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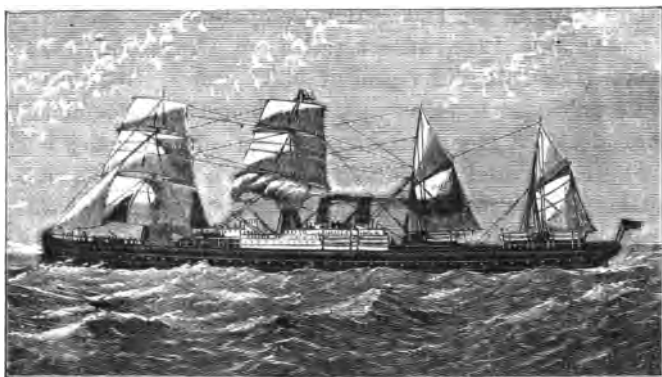
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BOUND FOR AUSTRALIA

ON BOARD THE ORIENT.



S. S. ORIENT.

CHAPTER I.

Gravesend to Plymouth.



HAVING been troubled for more than a year with a relaxed throat and *tiinnitus aurium*, and having tried a great number of remedies in vain, and suffered "many things of many physicians" without any good result, I, acting under their advice, resolved to emigrate to Australia. It was painful to break up old

associations, to bid farewell to kindred and friends, and to relinquish a promising sphere of usefulness in Rochdale; but there seemed no other way of regaining my health and power to work as a minister of the Church of Christ; so at last, believing it was the will of God that I should go, I, with my wife and daughter, took our passage for Melbourne by the s.s. *Orient*, of the Orient Steam Navigation Company.

On July 12th, we set sail from Gravesend. Our ship is a splendid vessel of 5386 tons. She seems like a floating town as we step on board and promenade her decks. Her numerous cabins and saloons; her store-rooms and corridors; her meat, vegetable, and baking departments; her bath-rooms, prisons, hospital-surgeons, and hairdressing establishments, all show that full provision has been made for our life on board for some weeks to come. It is a scene of confusion and crowded jostling as we wend our way from one part of the ship to the other. Emigrants and their friends, in sad and earnest talk, stand in groups ready to utter the last farewell, or bustle along the decks with their luggage. We were accompanied on board by my brother and his wife, and our old and tried friends Mr., Mrs., and Miss Drury, of London. Several other dear friends had bidden us good-bye on the pier at Tilbury. Very soon the bell sounded for all who were not passengers to leave the ship, and now the last farewell had to be spoken, and then, with slow and measured steps, friends pass down the gangway into the tug to be conveyed ashore. There are many affecting scenes. Some remind one of the words of Byron as the blank, dark shadow of hopelessness

steals over their faces when they utter the word
"Farewell,"

"For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair."

It is no light thing to utter that word as we stand on the deck of an emigrant ship ready to sail thousands of miles across the treacherous sea to find a new home on a distant shore.

"To say 'farewell' to meet to-morrow,
Awakens little care or little sorrow ;"

but to say it when there is not much hope of meeting again on earth stirs the deepest feelings, and causes the keenest pain.

The tug soon moves away, and cheer after cheer rises from our departing friends, handkerchiefs and hats are waved, and familiar faces become less and less distinct until we see them no more. At a quarter past three, orders are given to weigh anchor, and gently, as if she had been the tiniest yacht on the river, the ponderous vessel moves away. We steam down the Thames into the Channel, the rain is falling, and it blows cold. Many now go down below to put their cabins straight, and perhaps to indulge themselves in a good cry. Others watch the low, flat muddy shores of Kent, as point after point of interest is passed, until the dinner-bell rings. The dinner to-day is not well served. With all the sorrow of parting, the ever-recurring wants of nature assert themselves, and Englishmen are unwilling to do without that important

meal under any circumstances. Douglas Jerrold said that if England were engulfed by an earthquake tomorrow, some gentlemen would meet somewhere among the ruins and celebrate the sad event with a dinner; so someone was found to ask this question, amid all the confusion and grief, "What time shall we have dinner?" The answer was, "It will be good luck if we get any to-day." But we did get a dinner, though late and roughly served, and to most it seemed very welcome.

The ladies are all busy unpacking, assisted in some instances by the gentlemen, and probably in others hindered. Patience is much tried, for the cabins are small, and things are not found in places expected. It is difficult to make room for all the necessities of life in a small space. It is said, "Man wants but little here below," but he seems to want a great many things down "below" in his cabin for a six weeks' voyage through a varying climate—at least, if man does not, a woman does. However, order is soon evolved out of chaos, and clothes, books, stores, and medicines have all found a place, and the cabin begins to look like a snug little bedroom. Tea is served at six o'clock, but few seem to enjoy their food; already there are signs with some that appetite is failing and sickness is approaching. The most common questions this evening are, "Are you a good sailor?" "Is seasickness very bad?" "Do you think it can be prevented?" "Do you think you will suffer much?" Some seem to dread the *mal de mer* very greatly; others brag that they have been to sea a good many times and have not been sick; others stoically make up their minds to

meet it. At seven o'clock I go on deck again. It is still very wet, and we are evidently going to have a rough night—the wind is rising and blowing in black gusts, a mist, too, gathers over the sea, and our captain—Captain Harrison—orders the anchor to be dropped and the engines stopped, and for about an hour we are anchored opposite Margate. Soon the rain ceases, and the darkness gathers over us, and the lights gleam out along the shore. We also hoist our lights—a white light on the stay of the foremast, a green one on the starboard, and a red one on the port-side of the ship. Some of the third-class passengers are trying to be merry. A concertina is being played, and several stout, buxom women are dancing an Irish schottische, and by their humorous words awaken cries of "Bravo!" in the crowd around. I take another walk round the ship a little later, and I am quite astonished at her size and equipment. What a mighty mass of wood and iron! What immense stores to feed its hundreds of passengers! And all to be propelled onwards through storm and opposing waves, often at the rate of more than 300 miles a day! I am told that this ship is over 460 feet long, about forty-six feet wide, and that it draws more than twenty-six feet of water; that we carry hundreds of tons of tinned and frozen meat, many tons of potatoes, hundreds of cases of beer and spirits, hundreds of casks of butter, thousands of barrels of flour, an immense quantity of fresh vegetables and fruit, coals sufficient to last, at the rate of seventy tons a day, for weeks, great stores of spare rope, paint, and canvas, and oil, vast quantities of biscuits, preserves, rice, and medicines, hundreds of

tons of steel rails as cargo and tons of passenger's luggage! It is a wonderful creation of man's genius and mechanical art. It makes one feel the greatness of man and the marvellous energy with which he has subdued the forces around him to his will.

About eight o'clock the orders are given to weigh the anchor again. A small engine at the head of the ship is set to work, and a thick chain cable revolves round the capstan, and the anchor soon appears above the waters, the engines start, and we are off again. The wind is rising and squally, and the night is gathering black around us. The first night on the sea! It is good to feel that "the darkness and the light are both alike" to God; that the waters are in "the hollow of His hand." We seem more in God's hand here than on the land. Underneath us is the heaving water, but underneath the water is God's hand—

"God's firm, great hand!
Who can declare
What wondrous things within its hollow lie?
Wide sea and land,
And glassy air,
Dwell safely there in sweet security."

We retire to rest trusting in Him who commands the winds and waves, praying that He would have us in His holy keeping.

July 13th.—After a good night's rest—for despite the roll of the ship, the noise of the screw, and the new sensation of sleeping in a berth on board a ship, I slept well—I rose early and took a walk on deck about half-past five o'clock. There were not many

of the passengers stirring, though there were many of the men at work. The deck was being washed all over by the seamen, butchers were cutting up the meat, bakers were preparing the rolls and other forms of bread for breakfast, the cooks were busy at their ovens, stewards were hurrying to and fro, while the captain stood at his place on the bridge.

The sea is very rough this morning; the wind is right in our teeth, and we shall have a very lively day as we pass down the Channel. We catch glimpses of the English coast for some hours, notably the Isle of Wight, which stands out very prominently with its white cliffs and undulating slopes. We soon reach Start Point, the wind still blowing very fresh and the ship rolling unpleasantly, and all are soon on the lookout for Plymouth Sound. We first sight a small island lying at the entrance of the harbour; then the lighthouse at the end of the breakwater; then the town itself begins to appear. Speed is slackened, and soon we gently pass over the harbour bar into the smooth water of the Sound. The anchor is again lowered, and, for the day, our voyage is over. Very quickly a large number of small craft draw up to the gangway, and pressing offers are made by the boatmen to take us ashore. Some avail themselves of the opportunity, and spend the night in Plymouth, but others—and by far the larger number—refuse, as they do not want to have to begin their life on the sea again so soon after having passed through its first experiences. We are all somewhat surprised, when the bell sounds at eight o'clock, to find that our watches are twenty-three minutes too fast.

July 14th.—Rose this morning about six o'clock very much refreshed by my night's rest. The ship being in the smooth water of the harbour and the engines stopped, there was nothing to disturb us. Walked on deck, and with an opera glass had a good survey of Plymouth and its surroundings. It is a beautiful view from the sea. Mount Edgcumbe, with its noble castle and wooded glens, and the villages nestling at its base; the towns of Devonport and Plymouth in the distance, with their terraces, docks, and shipping; the grassy downs breaking in rugged promontories and gentle declivities down to the sea—all combined, as the morning sun shone upon them, to make a scene of quiet beauty not easily to be forgotten. Soon, however, the stillness is broken by the arrival of boats from the shore bearing oranges, lemons, cakes, bottles of sweets, and pickled onions. These wares were sold at extravagant prices; oranges, much the worse for age and other infirmities, were sold for twopence each, and other articles at a still higher rate. After breakfast, there was an eager look-out for newspapers and letters. Soon the papers arrived, and were scanned over with great pleasure. Letters, too, were gladly welcomed; the last that we shall receive until we reach Melbourne. Some, as soon as they receive theirs, hasten down to reply to them, others walk the deck reading theirs, and here and there one might be seen brushing the tears away as they read—probably receiving last counsels of parents or fond expressions of affection from friends. Soon, however, all is bustle and excitement on board, for the tug bringing the rest of the passengers and their

friends is seen steaming out from Plymouth to the ship. Glasses are turned towards it, and faces are keenly examined to see if there are any friends or acquaintance on board. It soon reaches the gangway, and the steps are lowered and a large number of passengers, encumbered with their luggage, embark; scenes take place similar to those described at Gravesend. Two, however, were peculiar. As I walked near the gangway I saw a police officer, and some speculation was indulged in as to "what he wanted there," but the mystery was soon solved. Some luggage bearing the name of a third-class passenger was brought and placed near, then a woman (accompanied by the stewardess and one of the ship's officers) came forward and was given in charge of the policeman, and taken down the steps into a small boat and rowed away. "What had she been doing?" "Had she been stealing?" "What was she wanted for?" These and other questions were eagerly asked. But the officials were discreetly silent. It was discovered at last, from some of her fellow passengers, that she had quarrelled with her husband and had run away from him, leaving six children behind her, and that he had taken out a warrant for her detention. Some pitied the husband, and called him a foolish fellow for his pains; others pitied her, and affirmed that he must be "a brute of a fellow, and ill to live with," or she never would have been desperate enough to have left her "bairns" behind. Probably both were to blame.

*"Faults lie thick where love is thin,
And hasty acts make woe begin."*

The other incident was as follows: A preacher

from Plymouth—a Plymouth brother, I suppose—came hurriedly on board, and delivered his testimony to the third-class passengers. His words were of the commonplace sort, but they awakened a great deal of discussion; some taking his effort as an insult. “He wanted us to have salvation, but I wanted a brandy-and-soda,” said one with a sneer; some said that he must make a good thing out of it as he sold his hymn-books at the close of the short service. One man, in indignant tones, observed, “That he knew that all that professed religion were alike; they were always using their religion to get something out of it.” Such words as these are doubtless often said to silence the unpleasant echoes which religious teachers awaken in the minds of those who are resolved to live in sin or worldly pleasure. Some may have received good from this simple effort, though so many seemed to ridicule it. At twelve o’clock the gangway is raised to the old refrain of Dibdin’s—

“The anchor heaving,
Our sweethearts leaving,
With yo, heave ho!”

and the anchor is weighed, and once more we are steaming down the Channel and out in the open sea. We see little more of dear Old England after leaving Plymouth. After passing Eddystone Lighthouse, the land fades entirely from our view. Farewell, land of our birth, the home of our fathers, and the soil upon which dwell our truest and most trusted friends! Farewell, fair “Albion’s lessening shores,” the birth-place of myriads of poets, philosophers, saints, and

noble spirits, who have influenced the wide world by their words and deeds !

“ This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, the seat of Mars ;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea ;
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world.”

The wind is rising this evening, and the sea is very rough, the ship is tossing fearfully, and the passengers one after another retire to their cabins ill. Sea-sickness is a terrible malady for which there is no cure. Various nostrums are sold to prevent it, and many give their prescriptions *gratis*, but there is only one way, and that is to bear it manfully. Some recommend rubbing the body with collidium, others tying a string tightly round the body at the pit of the stomach and drinking claret, others advise you to drink sea-water and eat fat bacon, others recommend brandy and champagne, and many urge you to adopt their preventive methods, and assure you that they are certain to prevent it, and yet speedily fall sick themselves. One lady had a theory that the best thing was “*Determination*.” “I do not mean to be so weak as to give way to it,” she said. “It only requires *Determination* ;” and she seemed inclined to look upon the qualmish ones as very “feeble folk ;” but before long the peculiar greenish hue which precedes an attack stole over her face, and making an excuse to go down to her cabin she disappeared, and was almost invisible for a day or two. The best course that I can suggest from my own experience is, to take a seidlitz powder

each morning, from the day of starting until the sickness is over, and keep as much on deck as possible, walking and talking in a lively manner, and when the attack comes on, yield to it submissively and patiently until it ceases. It is certainly a most horrible sensation that begins to steal over you; the cheeks burn, the eyes become dim, the brain loses its power to think, and a general stupefaction benumbs all your mental powers, and then commence those violent physical agitations, which make you think that it would be a charity to throw you "anywhere, anywhere out of the world." Some are ready to say with Rory O'More, "Oh, if they'd shoot me itself or dhrown'd me at wanst! but to have a man turned inside out this way like—o-ow! murther! my heart'll be up next!" I was attacked this evening, and after several severe paroxysms, I sank into a deep, dead sleep.





CHAPTER II.

Plymouth to Teneriffe.

JULY 15th.—Woke up about five o'clock to find myself still dressed—for in the heaviness that suddenly came over me, I had not taken my clothes off—and very ill. The sea rolled heavily, and the ship was tossed up and down and from side to side, much to the discomfort of the passengers. We were crossing the Bay of Biscay—the bay which every one dreads who for the first time crosses the Atlantic. It is rough here, the sailors say, ten months out of the twelve ; and sometimes the waves roll mountains high. We did not experience its worst and most terrible aspects. We could not use the words of the song—

“ Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain in deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder,
By lightning's vivid powers, &c.
In the Bay o' Biscay O ! ”

But it was quite rough enough. Nearly every one of the passengers was sick. Some of the officers of the ship were obliged to keep their berths. The doctor

was as bad as anyone. The sea looked a wild, dreary waste of waters; wave after wave rolled against our ship, and sometimes over our bulwarks on to the deck, drenching some and making others run, and the ladies scream. This was a diversion that did not add much to our comfort. Every one seemed melancholy and home-sick. It was Sunday morning, but there was little of the holy calm of the Sabbath in the air. I read a portion of Scripture and the prayers for those on the sea out of the Prayer Book, but there was very little power or disposition to meditate. Some are lying about on the deck in the most stupid and flimsy condition. Some are smoking and drinking, and trying by forced mirth to get rid of their melancholy; others are seated in the warmest and cosiest corners they can find, reading novels. These unsabbatic surroundings made one long for the quiet, calm worship of the sanctuary at home. But a worshipping spirit can always find God, and "He is not far from every one of us." We could say, in the words of Mrs. Browning—

"Love me, sweet friends, this Sabbath day!
The sea sings round me, while ye roll
Afar the hymn unaltered,
And kneel where once I knelt to pray
And bless me deeper in the soul,
Because the voice has faltered.
And though this Sabbath comes to me
Without the stoled minister
Or chanting congregation,
God's spirit brings communion, He
Who brooded oft on waters drear,
Creator on creation."

There was a short service in the first saloon at a quarter to eleven o'clock. Very few attended. The prayers were read by a clergyman of the Church of England, and several very appropriate hymns were sung, but the noise of the waves—one of them dashed through a port-hole close to where I was sitting—the roll of the ship, and the physical condition of the worshippers made the service not very effective. Not many present at dinner to-day. Towards evening the gale has abated, and I have just discovered that a service is being held by the Rev. R. H. Cole, a young clergyman, and the Rev. E. Gratton, a minister of the Methodist New Connexion, among the steerage passengers. Sankey's hymns were sung, and, after a portion of Scripture had been read, the Methodist minister preached a short, practical sermon from the text, "*He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.*" He, in a very effective way, showed that Christ was the source of true life, that religion was of no service unless it was in a man, governing his heart and conscience; that the grace of life from Christ could alone satisfy; that all might enjoy it, and that those who did could look for the full enjoyment of it beyond the grave. He urged all to drink of this living water, enforcing his appeals by an anecdote related by Dr. Guthrie of a traveller who was in the desert, and was dying of thirst, and had dragged his weary limbs along until he had nearly reached a spring of water, but just by the side of it he sank

down exhausted and died ! There was the water, and it might have saved him, but not being able to drink of it, he died ! So, many are near the living springs of heaven, and yet, not drinking, are dead in sin. Most of the audience were men, and they listened attentively, some evidently enjoying the service very much. After the service was over, I introduced myself to Mr. Gratton, and we had a pleasant conversation about Christian work, and how we could arrange to do some good work among our fellow-passengers. My throat is still very relaxed, and so could not promise to do much. I must try to do what Dr. Watts calls "parlour preaching." Already I have had several interesting conversations with men about religion, but most in the second saloon seem bent on pleasure and "care for none of these things." Some are getting intoxicated now. To-day at noon we had run 292 miles from Plymouth, and were in lat. $45^{\circ} 55'$, long. $7^{\circ} 14'$.

July 16th.—Went on deck about six o'clock to find that during the night we had passed Cape Finis-terre, and were therefore out of the Bay of Biscay. We had run the 360 miles in about thirty hours. The sea is calmer now, and the air has a balmier breath in it as it softly fans our cheeks. Every one that comes on deck feels its influence, and cheerfulness begins to prevail. We are beginning to find out "Who's who" on board. Some distinguish themselves by their comic propensities, others by their striking eccentricities, others by their vices. We discover that we have the newly-appointed Bishop of Tasmania, Dr. Sandford, of Edinburgh ; and his curate, the Rev. R. H. Cole ; a

professor of conjuring by the name of Payne ; a comic singer and Australian tenor ; three Methodist ministers ; one Roman Catholic priest, and six nuns or Sisters of Mercy. These latter, as they sat side by side in the first saloon, awakened a little mirth and the spirit of versifying in some ladies and gentlemen, and one or two *impromptus* were written. We insert two or three for the amusement of our readers. The first was—

“ Six bonnie sisters all in a row,
Trying to catch the bishop in tow,
White in front, and black behind,
Ready to twirl with every wind.”

Another was—

“ Six saintly sisters sitting so serious,
Doing their best, we fear, to deceive us.”

Another—

“ Six Sisters of Mercy all in a row,
What they are thinking of I don't know.
They look so demure, angelic, and good,
That we dare not suspect them, no, not if we could ;
But one thing, at least, they cannot deny us,
We can peep at them, sure, these sisters so pious ;
This we can do, though we take a side glance,
And find in the peep our wit to enhance.”

It may seem very idle pastime to make merriment out of these strangely dressed yet professedly pious women, but as they sat there side by side so demurely reading their books of devotion, or dreamily handling their crosses and beads, and yet now and then giving a sly look at each other, their appearance was enough to

excite the curiosity and mirth of unregenerate Protestants, if not of more devout persons. Surely women can do the work of ministering angels in the world without dressing themselves up in the ugliest attire and cultivating a sanctimonious face. Happy are those women who can bless the suffering and poor with their loving gentleness and sympathy without wearing any peculiar garb or assuming saintly airs!

After breakfast, which every one appeared to enjoy, the luggage that was marked "wanted for the voyage" was brought up from the hold for the convenience of the passengers. It was placed in various parts of the ship, and for a time there was quite a busy scene of uncording and opening boxes. Fair ladies and gentlemen, as well as the poor women and horny-handed men of the steerage, were all busy selecting from among their stores of goods what they deemed necessary for their next week's use. This is to be done every Monday, weather permitting. It has impressed me that most persons encumber themselves with too much luggage for the voyage. The chief thing is to be prepared for the heat while passing through the tropical regions, and for sudden depressions of temperature; but many wish to have as many changes of dress as they do at home, and to eclipse their fellow-passengers by the variety and brilliance of their costumes, and this leads to much inconvenience. Fashion is ever a hard taskmaster, and its votaries here have to endure a large amount of toil and trouble. In the afternoon, the decks were cleared again, and the ship assumed its usual appearance. The weather was very fine to-day, and the ship sped along plea-

santly over the waves. Distance run, 306 miles ; lat. $41^{\circ} 30'$, long. $10^{\circ} 46'$.

July 17th.—The talk this morning on deck was about the finding of a stowaway. A young fellow, looking very much like a London costermonger, was found hidden behind the boiler. He was brought out and taken to the captain, who, after questioning him, decided that he should be allowed to work his passage out to Sydney. We had no such pathetic scene as that described in the well-known ballad of "The Stow-away." As I went past the engine-room about eight o'clock, I found him working away with a will, cleaning the brass work, well content with his lot. He told me "that he was unmarried, and he hoped, after he had worked his passage out, to do better in the new country than in the old." Sometimes as many as nine or ten stowaways have been found on board this ship ; generally these poor fellows have friends among the seamen, and sometimes their presence on board is connived at by the mates of the ship, as in that way they can get an extra hand or two at little cost.

After breakfast I sit and watch the waves. Never have I been so impressed with the beauty of the sea before. It is to-day of a deep, brilliant blue ; ever rising into beauteous mounds of crystal sapphire, which assume all kinds of fantastic forms and ridges, and, after breaking into curiously shaped sheets of white, feathery foam, suddenly sink into wide, shimmering, cavernous depths. Every wave, too, is covered with sparkling points like diamonds. A classic writer speaks of the "many-twinkling" sea, and I have never seen the force of the phrase before ; but here the whole

face of the sea, with its ever-varying undulations and convolutions, sparkles and twinkles all over as if it had been sprinkled with gems. Much to the surprise of many of the passengers, the waves assumed another hue in the wake of the ship. From a deep blue they changed into a glittering green; rising with the swell caused by the revolutions of our ponderous screw, they broke in rolling masses of emerald, which sunk again into the deep blue of the ocean. I can understand now the rapturous words in which poets have spoken of the loveliness of the sea.

Bryant exclaims :—

“ I look forth
Upon the boundless blue, where, joyously,
The bright crests of innumerable waves
Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands
Of a great multitude are upward flung
In acclamation.”

What enthusiasm in the words, too, of Bernard Barton !—

“ Oh ! I shall not forget until memory depart
When first I beheld it; the glow of my heart,
The wonder, the awe, the delight, that stole o’er me,
When its billowy boundlessness opened before me.”

Also in the utterance of Barry Cornwall :—

“ I’m on the sea ! I’m on the sea !
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe’er I go.”

No one can understand the marvellous beauty of the sea, who has not sailed far away into its broad blue

waters. To watch it from an English watering-place gives but a very poor idea of its dazzling loveliness. It must be seen in its wide, lonely, trackless magnitudes, away from all its shores, to be known and realized. But many here find no pleasure in gazing upon the sea; they prefer exciting amusements. Already there is posted up a notice that a concert will be held in the fore-castle this evening, and someone has facetiously written underneath that the carriages are to be ordered at half-past ten. There is also an announcement that athletic sports will be held weekly, such as running races, one leg races, picking up coins, &c., &c. Some of the notice papers are full of humorous comments. Under an appeal to the musicians among the passengers to join a band that is being formed, there is an urgent request for a *Bones*, and someone suggests that it will be well to apply to the cook, while another has cynically written, "Being third-class passenger, it is '*no bono*.'" Another notice reads as follows: "Passengers who cannot read are requested to tell those who can that a notice has been posted requesting that the piano should not be played before breakfast in the second saloon, no matter whether the purser be present or not. 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'—By order, of a Sufferer."

An Amusement Committee was also elected in the saloons to-day, to provide some recreations to break the monotony of the voyage; concerts, dancing, quoits, and other pleasures were arranged for. These things seem to be thought of most. As I wander over the ship this evening, I find nearly all given up to noisy

mirth and excitement. Young men drinking and singing comic songs ; others shouting and making all kinds of unearthly noises ; children crying, others walking and talking ; pianos going in the saloons, a flutist trying to make sufficient music to guide the movements of some dancers, some playing on concertinas and guitars and violins for their own amusement, or for the amusement of a small circle of friends ; a few gathered together singing Sankey's hymns ; a concert presided over by the purser, assisted by a brass band ; all these combine together to make a complete Babel.

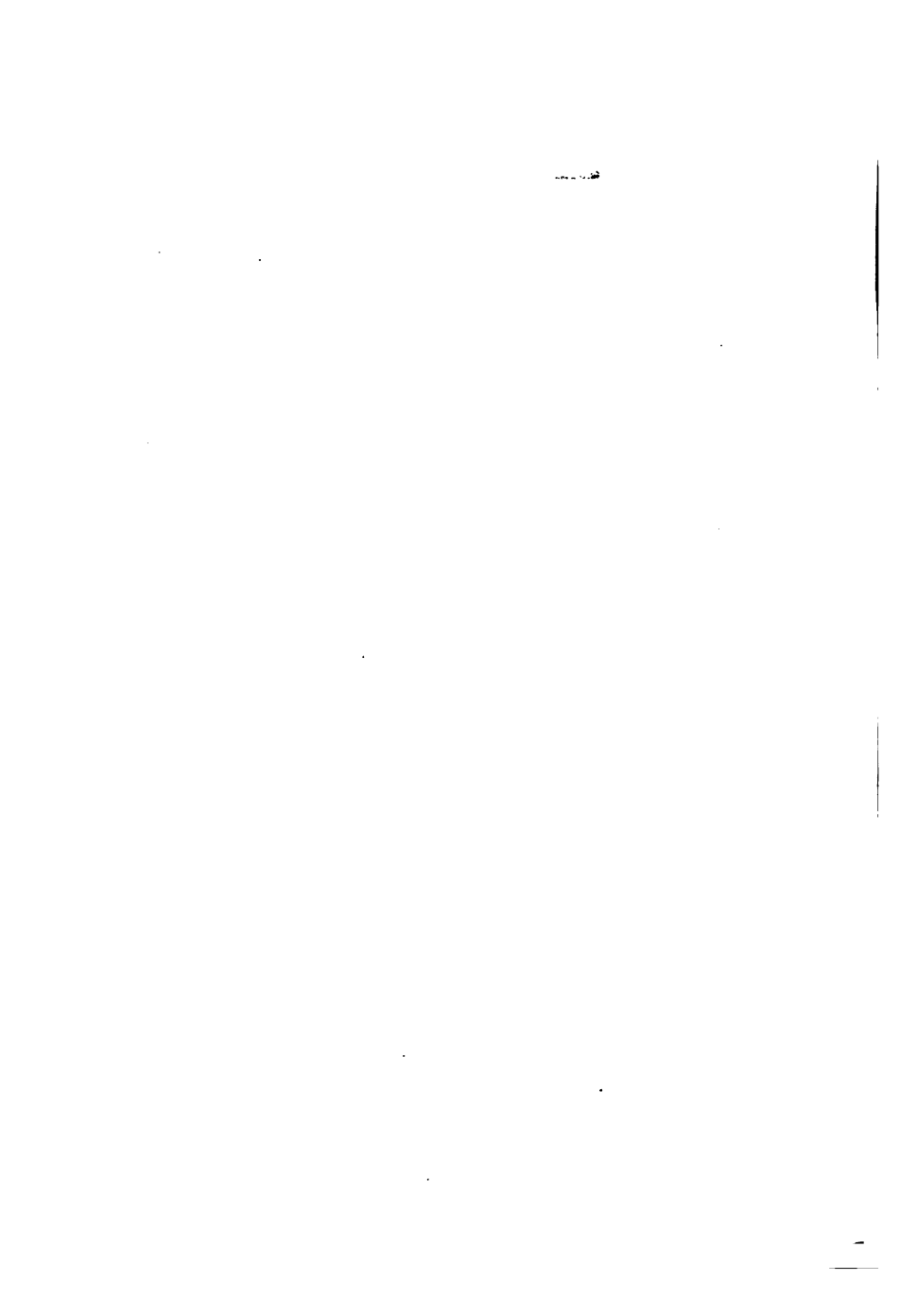
Amusements are doubtless necessary to remove the tediousness of the voyage, but he who carries peace in his soul can bear a great deal of quietness without weariness. Man's noisy mirth often reveals his inward disquietude. The drink curse is here, too. A good number are the worse for it to-night. We have evidently some ne'er-do-wells on board—young men sent away to recover their characters and make a new start in the world, but falling here into old habits of drunkenness—some that will sink into what are called in the colonies "*Remittance men*." These are young men, well connected, who have disgraced themselves at home, and have been sent out with the hope of reformation, yet do not reform, but yielding themselves up to idleness and drinking, live wretched lives of dissipation, their friends at home never sending enough for them to return, but every now and then *remitting* them a small sum to save them from utter want. Our colonies abound with these dissipated young fellows. It is a very doubtful course to send them out. Ship life does not tend to reform them ; the

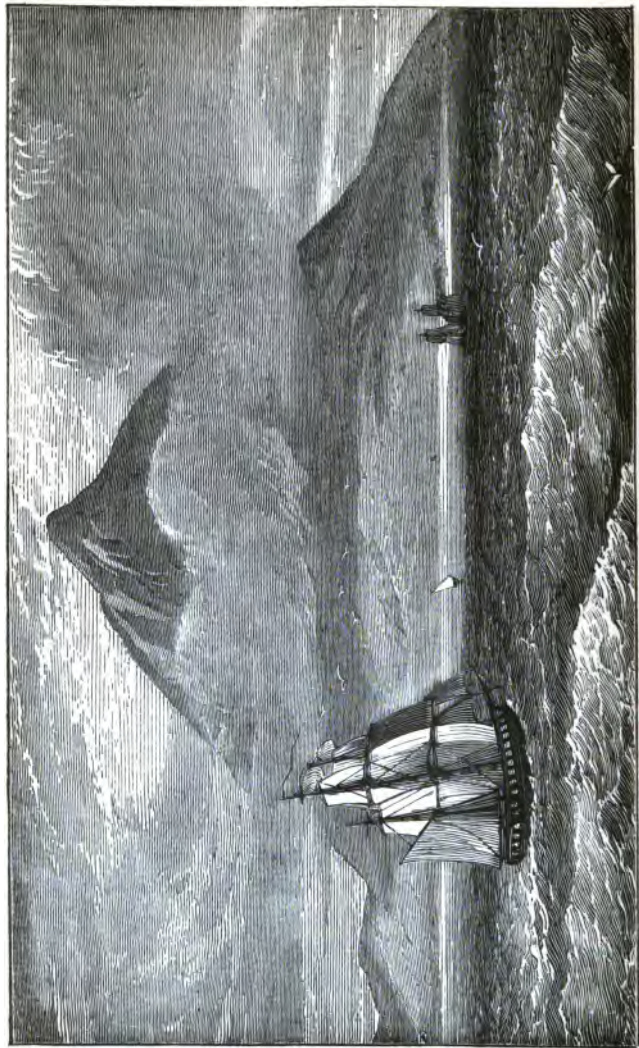
monotonous hours, the lack of occupation, the enervating and luxurious air of warmer latitudes, the kind of companionships soon formed on board, all tend to demoralise them, and they often land upon the shores of Australia worse than when they left the old country. It is the strong-minded, intelligent, morally robust young man that is required in the colonies, and even one of that type needs all his strength to resist the temptations of the voyage.

We have a good breeze now, right aft. We have got into the north-east trade wind. The sails are hoisted, and we are moving onward splendidly. Distance run to-day, 307 miles; lat. $36^{\circ} 41'$, long. $12^{\circ} 59'$.

July 18th.—Heard this morning that there were twelve drunk and noisy last night in the second saloon. This morning at breakfast one was so intoxicated that he had to be carried from the table. The respectable portion of the passengers are determined to stop it. I have been asked to see the purser about it, and intend to do so to-day. We have another beautiful day. The trade wind fills our sails, and we are going at the rate of about thirteen knots an hour. An ingenious instrument, patented by Lilley and Sons, of London, fixed at the stern, tabulates each mile by needles on a dial plate. Some of the passengers watch it with great interest. A rope which revolves without twisting, and turns the machinery in the dial, is lowered into the water, and this has attached to the end of it a kind of fin-shaped wheel which revolves through being drawn through the water and turns the rope with it. There are marvellous inventions now for notifying

changes of wind and weather, for registering the position of the ship, for cleansing and ventilating the cabins. This ship is full of the fruits of human genius. Everywhere, as you look around you, you see how different a voyage to Australia must have been in the old days. We have on board a splendid electrical machine which lights the vessel throughout. We have also a refrigerator, by Haslem, capable of reducing the temperature in the meat store-rooms from 20° to zero, by which we can carry a cargo of several thousand of slaughtered animals in perfect condition during the whole voyage; fresh fish, and butter, and fowls are kept for the table in the same way. In the first and second saloons, the passengers have every comfort and luxury which you would have in a good hotel, so perfectly has human invention triumphed over the inconveniences surrounding life at sea. There are many things to interest the passenger who for the first time takes this voyage across the ocean. He never need have an insipid day. This afternoon I have learned the meaning of the different bells which divide the watches. The bell is not struck according to real time, but the day is divided into periods of four hours; every four hours—at twelve, four, and eight o'clock—the bell is struck eight times; at half-past each of those hours, one stroke is given, and one stroke added for each half-hour until eight strokes are reached, at the end of the four hours. A quarter of an hour before the "eight bells," which marks a change of watch, one stroke of the bell is given to prepare the sailors for their duty. There are also two short watches called Dog or Dodge watches—from





PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

four to six and from six to eight—these are to prevent the same men from being on duty night after night at the same hour. "One bell" may also mean that a ship or land is in sight on the starboard side; "two bells," that there is one or other on the port side; "three bells," something right on the bows. It is very striking at first to hear the bells at night, and the responsive voice of the man at the bows shouting, "All's well." To-night preparations are being made to anchor at Teneriffe for coal. The sails are being furled. This attracts the notice of many of the passengers, and a number of small crowds assemble to watch the sailors as they nimbly run up the rigging. It seems a very perilous task to us landsmen, and it is not without danger when it is done at night in a storm. A captain told me that men are sometimes lost in this way. They drop into the sea, and are reported missing when the muster roll is called. Poor Jack has a hard life of it! One of the sailors was lying very ill on the deck in the fore-castle to-day; he had injured himself a day or two before by lifting the luggage into the hold. A lady took him a cup of tea, and inquired if he had had any beef-tea or milk, and had been well nursed. A sailor standing by said, "Nursing and beef-tea are not for the likes of us; we are *only* sailors, ma'am." Distance run to-day, 303 miles; lat, $31^{\circ} 52'$, long. $14^{\circ} 49'$.

July 19th.—This morning on waking up and looking out of the port-hole, saw the dark brown coast of Teneriffe, the largest of the Canary Islands, called so from the number of canaries found breeding wildy there. The far-famed Peak, which is 12,180 feet high,

was seen about five o'clock. It first appears like a large white cap suspended in the heavens, and after a while the range of mountains of which it is the crowning height is seen along the horizon. The Peak can be seen sometimes, the captain told me, one hundred miles off. Lady Brassey in her charming little book, *The Voyage of the Sunbeam*, says that she saw it "towering above the clouds, right ahead, about fifty-nine miles off." She attempted to climb it, but became so fatigued through the heat that she relinquished the attempt. Those of us who had read her descriptive sketch of the Peak were on the look-out as the ship approached the island; some rose very early in order to see it. I went to bed with the best intentions to do so, but overslept myself, and did not reach the deck until the ship was entering the excellent harbour of Santa Cruz. The Peak was visible as a white dome appearing above a range of mountains which hid the lower part of it from view. Its whiteness is not owing to snow—as some thought, but to chalk and pumice-stone.





CHAPTER III.

Santa Cruz to the Verd Islands.



AS soon as we dropped anchor in the bay, many coal-whelries were seen approaching from the shore, and in a very little while a host of dark-looking coal heavers with their tin lamps and barrels of water boarded us; they looked a strong, hardy race of men, and seemed ready for their day's work. A boat bearing the Spanish flag was also seen approaching conveying the Government medical officer, who interrogated our purser as to the health of the passengers. All being in tolerably good health, by the mercy of God, we were not put in quarantine, but obtained permission to go on shore. A good number of boats, bringing peaches, bananas, prickly pears, plums, figs, and grapes, also bottles of Florida water, hats, and cigars, reached the ship, and a busy trade was soon going on between the passengers and the traders from the island. Peaches were bought at forty a shilling, bananas at tenpence a dozen, prickly pears at one shilling a dozen, and other kinds of fruit were proportionately cheap. Cigars, too, were cheap, and good,

broad-plaited straw hats were sold at one shilling each. The fruit was very welcome, as it was an extremely warm morning. The wind that blew from the coast was a hot one, and this with the rays of the sun, which even before eight o'clock might be said truly to be "burning," caused many at that early hour to be parched with thirst. Breakfast over, a large number of the passengers started for the shore; there was no lack of accommodation, some very good rowing boats plied to and fro for hours, and each passenger was charged one shilling each way. The town of Santa Cruz looked very picturesque from the ship, stretching along for more than a mile at the base of the mountains; its various coloured houses, its windmills, its forts, quays, and towers, its well cultivated gardens studded with palm-trees, made it a very pleasant sight in the bright, clear light of the tropical sun. A number of us took a boat and set off to have a nearer view of it. As soon as we were in the boat, we were struck with the marvellous blueness of the water. It was a rich deep indigo. Tennyson speaks of these sunny isles "lying in dark purple spheres of sea;" but the colour is more blue than purple. As we were tossed about upon it in our little boat, and its waves danced around us, the colour was so rich and deep that our eyes were quite dazzled with its beauty. We landed at a stone jetty, and passing by the fish market and other public buildings we reached a large square garden. The trees were covered with beautiful flowers, and in the centre stood an elegant fountain; an aged Spaniard offered us a glass of water, but it was quite warm. We went along the town

examining the barracks, and were courteously invited into several private houses. The buildings are chiefly of the Eastern style of architecture. In the centre there is generally an open court, in which palm-trees, fig-trees, cactuses, and other shrubs and flowers abound. The shops are not at all prepossessing, and most who sought to purchase small articles found them dear. The arrival of our ship, it was said, raised the price of everything. Our purser went into the market and bought up all the fruit and vegetables there, and afterwards things leaped up to extraordinary prices.

We were very much interested in the Spanish women, with their olive faces, black hair, and dark eyes, riding sometimes on their mules, or filling their barrels with long bamboo-canes at the public fountains, or bearing heavy burdens of wood on their heads, or peeping at us from behind their *postigos*—a small blind conveniently made to open at the lower part of a bevelled panel square which appears to take the place of a window. Most of the poor, hard-working women were exceptionally worn and ugly; now and then a pretty face peeped out upon us; the head being covered with a dark mantilla. The women generally wore a white or black covering on the head, which hung down the back, probably to protect the spine from the burning rays of the sun, and this covering was surmounted by a large straw hat; and most had bare feet. The heat about half-past ten became intense, and we were glad on reaching the outskirts of the town to rest for a while under the shade of a locust bean-tree. Some peasants from a garden

near paid us great attention ; they threw down a huge blanket for us to sit on, brought us some sweet, cold water from the well in large bottles, bread, prickly pears, and ripe figs, urging us to drink and eat (in their Spanish language) to our hearts' content. We made them understand that we were from England, and gave them one or two small coins, which increased their hospitality and readiness to serve us. We were very much refreshed by this simple luncheon, and after cutting a small branch off a palm-tree to be preserved as a memento of our visit, we returned to the town.

It is a long, straggling place, and the heat was almost unbearable in the narrow streets. One strong working man, apparently from Lancashire, had on a pair of gutta-percha shoes, and as he was toiling along the soles melted ; little by little the hot earth dissolved them as he trudged along, wiping the perspiration from his brow ; now and then sticking fast, and by dint of hard pulling getting his feet off the ground, and at last, amid the jokes of his companions and the astonishment of the natives, with the soles of his shoes quite melted away, and with his stockings protruding, he reached the town. We turned into one of the churches as a cool retreat. There are two in this town, both Roman Catholic. One of them is devoted to St. Dominic, and is full of elegant shrines. There is a gorgeous image of the Virgin, which was unveiled to our gaze, and a shrine of the Crucified One almost covered with votive offerings—wax legs, wax arms, wax heads, wax busts left there, we supposed, by sufferers who, at this shrine, had imagined that they had received healing. In olden times it was the cus-

tom for those cured to place a model of the limb healed in silver; but wax is cheaper than silver, and in these degenerate days has taken its place. We found our sisters of mercy in this church, and entering into conversation with them we discovered that they were Dominican nuns, and were greatly pleased to have found a church in honour of their patron saint. They also told us that part of the church was in honour of St. Francis, and that the two effigies that were over the high altar were the two saints embracing. The remark was made, "That it would be a good thing if all orders and brotherhoods in the Church embraced and became one;" but this observation was received in silence. We saw several worshippers enter and kneel and cross themselves, and pass out again. It is a blessing that amid all forms and superstitions the sincere heart can find God. How hard for men to realize that God is a Spirit, and that they that worship Him must worship Him *spiritually* and *in sincerity*! The teachings of the Holy Saviour have been sounding in men's ears ever since He uttered them, and yet how far even His professed followers in many lands are from realizing their meaning! Men love their own inventions more than God's truth. As Cowper says—

"Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill,
Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will;
And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
First put it out, then take it for a guide."

In the other church, were some mementoes of our ancient battles with Spain. Lord Nelson made an

attack on this town on July 14th, 1794, and after a severe conflict he was defeated. In this battle, too, he lost his arm. The English flag that was taken during the fight is still preserved in this church, and the soldier who took it is turned into a saint, and his picture adorns the walls. It was interesting to many to be reminded of our old days of naval warfare, though these remembrances were associated with the defeat of one of our most gallant admirals. We also saw some of the cochineal traders driving their camels towards the cactus-gardens on the hills. Cochineal used to be the staple trade of the island, but since aniline dyes have been extracted from gas water, the trade has greatly decreased. The dye has fallen in price from six shillings to one shilling and tenpence per pound. It is made of the dried insect. After depositing its young on the leaf of the cactus, the cochineal is collected in cambric bags and dried in ovens or in the sun. It is about the size of the English May-bug. There were many other objects of interest to be seen on this island. On the road to another city—the city Orotava—there are some celebrated botanical gardens, mentioned by Humboldt in his *Cosmos*, in which there is a fine collection of plants from all parts of the world. In one of the gardens in Orotava there is supposed to be the oldest tree in the world—"the famous dragon-tree of Orotava." It was over eighty feet high, but it is now reduced to a mere shell.

These and many other objects of interest we should have liked to have seen, but the heat was so great that we were obliged to return much earlier than we intended to the ship. Some stayed on shore till the

evening, and, we are sorry to have to record, disgraced themselves by strong drink. One third-class passenger, under the influence of this horrible curse, drew his knife and threatened to cut off the ears of a Spaniard. The soldiers were called, and they took him in charge; but he tore himself from them and ran; they rushed after him, drew their swords, and struck him several severe blows with them, one felling him to the ground, but he was up again in a moment, and before they could fairly seize him, he tore madly down the quay, and in descending the steps to reach the boat he slipped and rolled over and over, and, to the great surprise of the bystanders, threw himself off the stone edge of the landing-place into a boat that providentially was moored there. His escape seemed almost miraculous. I was standing on the promenade deck when he was brought on board. He was a strong, brawny fellow, nearly six feet high; he was without his coat or hat; but he did not seem much the worse for his adventure; for he stood up in the boat and shouted with an oath, "That he was ready to go back and fight half-a-dozen of the Spanish fiends and get his coat back." Some of his companions took him down into his cabin and quieted him. We were very much afraid that we should be disturbed to-night by the drunken passengers, for many returned to the ship in a terribly intoxicated condition; but the purser ordered all the bars on board to be closed, and the drunkards were seen safely to their berths as far as possible. In the evening, the purser went into the steerage, and talked to the men about the advantages of temperance, and showed them the folly of spending all their money in drink and having

to land on a new shore without a penny, as so many do; some were influenced and resolved to give it up altogether, but others, he told me, adopted all kinds of wiles to get more drink, some feigning illness to get it. Everything was very dirty with coal dust. Coal-ing is an unpleasant time on board a steamship. The dust penetrates everywhere. There was much murmuring and complaining among the ladies. At seven o'clock the anchor was weighed, and a splendid breeze sprang up, and in a little while the Island of Teneriffe became a dark rugged line upon the horizon, and once more we were far away on the boundless deep. Distance run, 215 miles; lat. $28^{\circ} 30' N.$, long. $16^{\circ} 14'$.

July 20th.—We are now nearing the tropics, and it is very hot to-day. Some are quite prostrate with the heat. We are very glad to see on the tables a great quantity of fresh and stewed fruit. So far our diet has been full of variety, and, on the whole, excellently served. The danger with most is that of eating too much animal food now the heat is so great. Our hairdresser, who is a Pole, and of a philosophic mind, observed to me:—"That you English thought of nothing else but your stomachs. You have for breakfast," said he, "enough for me all day—porridge, chop, ham, sausage, and an egg or two. Make me sick to see you; but my stepfather he has a big stomach like the English, and he eat a goose at one meal, and I made him cross one day, when he said, 'That he did not know where his big stomach came from, as he did not eat very much.' 'Father,' said I, 'I have travelled much and seen much. I have seen the wind blow mountains together, but never a big

stomach without big eating.'" It is doubtless true that we English do eat too much meat. Some here, hot as it is to-day, eat heartily of it three times a day. Better health would be enjoyed if less were taken. But the Briton, wherever you find him, is fond of his beef. The weather continues most delightful, and the nights are superb. The sun seems to sink very suddenly into the sea about seven o'clock; we have very little twilight, but the moon rises grandly, and the cool air of the sea fans our cheeks, and every one is full of life. There is a great deal of flirting going on. In our floating world, we begin to have our scandals, jealousies, and strifes. Wherever men and women congregate, evil is sure to lurk. Retired to-night about eleven o'clock, after a very pleasant promenade on deck. Distance run, 206 miles; lat. $25^{\circ} 38'$, long. $17^{\circ} 03'$.

July 21st.—Another lovely morning. The heat is increasing. All kinds of light costumes are donned by the ladies and gentlemen on board. Some are making themselves hammocks to sleep on deck; some, I find, have already done so, wrapping themselves up in rugs. They say it is very cool and pleasant, though they are often disturbed by practical jokers. To-day, my attention was arrested by the sudden and violent ringing of the bell, and from all parts the sailors came leaping and running. I followed the crowd, and found that the bell-ringing was the fire-signal to call the men up to test the fire-engines and the boat-lowering apparatus. This is done occasionally, so as to have everything in readiness in case of an emergency. The men are expected to be in their places at the engines in a few moments; the pumps are worked, and the hose is

applied in various directions. The men are then divided into gangs, their names called over, and the command given to lower the boats; the lifting-ropes are pulled violently, the chocks removed, and the davits slung round until the boats are suspended over the sides of the vessel, ready to be lowered into the water. This is done very quickly. Every one vies with the rest to get the work done as rapidly as possible. It was a stirring and exciting scene for a few moments. But no sooner is the boat got ready for lowering than the order is given to put it back in its place; and this is rapidly done, and every man returns to his ordinary duties. The crew is expected to be always ready to rush forward at the sound of the fire-bell, and if any one does not appear to answer his name at what is called "the piping of the hands," he is reprimanded by the captain for the first offence, and at the second punished. This is a very important matter. One of our greatest dangers here is from fire. Smokers are very numerous. The amount of tobacco consumed on board must be enormous. The majority smoke continuously; some are never seen without a cigarette or a pipe in their mouths. Matches and fusees are struck and thrown carelessly about, and it is a wonder that a fire is not caused in this way. A ship is full of combustible stores; a match, or even a spark, falling down a hatchway might kindle a conflagration and destroy us all. The thought is a terrible one, and should lead to carefulness and also to the prayer, "From the awful peril of fire, good Lord, deliver us." Another most brilliant night. The moon is shining down serenely upon us; the air is warm and balmy. Most are enjoy-

ing themselves on deck ; some are watching the flashes of phosphoric flame which now begin to appear in the wake of the ship, others are walking to and fro in merry converse, some are sitting or standing in groups spinning sea yarns, others are admiring the heavens, some are making the night vocal with their songs ; now and then we stumble upon a couple in a cosy corner indulging in a flirtation. None wish to retire to their cabins. Many express the desire to stay on deck all night ; it is so pleasant. The words of Southey come into our minds as we gaze over the bulwarks at the calm, moon-lit sea—

“How beautiful is night !

A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;

No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,

Break the serene of heaven.”

We have run to-day the longest distance as yet, having the wind in our favour, 314 miles ; lat. $19^{\circ} 39'$ N., long. $18^{\circ} 04'$ W.

Sunday, July 22nd.—There is much more of a Sabbath air about the ship this morning ; most have dressed themselves more carefully than usual. Great complaints at breakfast-time of the intense heat during the night. I woke up from a restless sleep with my tongue furred, and very feverish, and the perspiration running from me at every pore. It was as if I had been sleeping in an ill-ventilated Turkish bath. It was very refreshing to get upon the deck, though it soon became too hot there. Considerable sensation was caused soon after breakfast by a notice being placed upon the board that a robbery had been com-

mitted during the night. A young man had slept in his hammock on deck, and had placed his purse and pocket-book, containing his ticket for the voyage and other valuable papers, under his pillow, thinking they would be safe there ; but some miscreant had abstracted them while he was asleep. He remembered being disturbed during the night but did not awake, and when he awoke in the morning he found that his property was gone. He had, like most, a few pounds in his purse, just for the voyage and landing, and these were gone. Much sympathy was expressed towards him, and many hopes uttered that the thief would be discovered. About ten o'clock, the sailors, in their best clothes, were all mustered on the promenade-deck, and their names called over. We were pleased to see the injured one among them, though still looking very pale and thin. We were also glad to see about twelve of them wearing the blue ribbon. We are going to have a full day of religious services. The Catholics hold the first, in the saloon recreation-room. They erect an altar, and go through their prayers in a very ostentatious manner. There are many of them on board, and some come this morning from all parts of the ship. They are the most openly devout of any religionists on board. Every morning, at half-past seven, one of the priests makes an altar of the front of the organ, and leads his flock in their devotions. They are often an object of great interest to the second and third-class passengers, who can see the whole of the proceedings through the windows. One morning the communion was administered, and one of the Protestants was very much incensed to see the priest drink two good

draughts of the wine, and only drop into the open mouths of the laity a small wafer; it suggested a somewhat irreverent simile, "That it was like a selfish old crow sipping honey, and only dropping husks into the open mouths of the crowlings." In the open way, however, in which they manifest their religion, it might be well for other sects to copy them. A full service was held next in the first saloon by the bishop and his curate. This was well attended. The curate read the prayers and lessons, and the bishop preached. He is a fine, tall man, and looked well in his canonicals. He has a good, strong voice, not very musical, and toned with a decided Scotch accent. He read a very plain, practical sermon from the words, "*And all passed through the sea.*" He showed that all had to pass through seas of trial, which made the past recede and assume a different shape, and that the future might, as the result of such crisis in life, become altogether new. It was well, supposing any present had an evil past, if, by passing through the sea to Australia, they could leave it behind them for ever, and begin a new course in the land to which they were going. But, just as the Israelites passed through the sea to be disciplined by the desert, so we must expect a continuation of the discipline of life in the land of our adoption. The sermon was listened to with marked attention, and some doubtless derived edification from it. In the afternoon, there was a children's service on the after-deck conducted by the Rev. E. Gratton. He interested the children by taking the word FAITH as his motto, and attaching an attribute of Christ to each letter—as Faith in His *Fidelity*, His *Atonement*, His *Intercession*,

His Tenderness, and His Helpfulness. The illustrations, though somewhat hackneyed, were very much to the point, and were well received by the juveniles and by many children of a larger growth. There was only one of them to which any exception could be taken—one in which, speaking of the intercession of Christ, he related how he had once pleaded with a stern, angry man for a boy who had committed a trespass; how he interceded until the boy was allowed to go unpunished; and so, he said, Christ pleads with God until we are let go without punishment. This, we thought, might give the young people a very erroneous view of God and the moral laws under which we live. God is not made gentle and forgiving by the intercession of Christ. We see what God's love is in Him. He cannot be kinder in heart than God; but He shows, as the Apostle declares, the exceeding kindness of God to us. Sin, too, must be punished. Christ's atonement does not destroy the connection between personal sin and its consequences. We are only saved as we are delivered from the spirit of disobedience. It is a pity when religious teaching tends to weaken moral restraints, as the strength of morality is in piety. In the evening, the bishop again officiated. The service was held on the promenade-deck. He preached without his manuscript to-night, and the word came from his lips with more power than in the morning. His subject was, "The yoke of Christ," and he very touchingly dwelt upon Christ's brotherhood with us; that the yoke which He wished us to bear *He Himself bore*; that in all our struggles and conflicts with sin, when we are striving to put on God's yoke in opposition

to our self-will and natural inclinations, we have *ONE* who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and will give us all the strength that we need. He spoke earnestly and with considerable emphasis; but he is not a fluent speaker, he hesitated again and again for a word, and now and then his voice sinks into a harsh nasal tone. It may be that, like all the rest on board, he was affected by the heat. It has been very hot to-day; 107° was the temperature this afternoon, and most have suffered from it. The perspiration runs off from us as we sit still, in large drops. We are now in the hottest part of the world, and must expect to endure the heat for a few days.

There was a lovely sunset. The richness of the colours surpassed anything I have ever seen. In the west, there were long, irregular ranges of clouds that appeared like distant wooded hills sloping down to the sea, with the fiery orb of day sinking behind them. These hills of vapour became tipped with glowing fire, and the bases deepened into the richest purple; then they broke into huge blocks of red-hot glittering gold, and, as these hues changed and varied every moment, they were reflected on the calm, clear waters. Sometimes the sea seemed like an immense sheet of purple velvet, gently moving up and down; then like a sea of blood; then like "glass mingled with fire." Then, as the sun descended nearer its ocean-bed, it blazed out a brilliant crimson orb of fire, throwing its scintillations across the heavens, and touching into unimaginable tints of beauty every little piece of fleecy cloud in the sky. The sky itself was of a bright golden blue, but here and there towards

the south, not far above the horizon, between the banks of clouds, there were patches of pale bright green; these looked like inland lakes among the mountains. The varied colours, ever changing, ever assuming new glories, were simply indescribable. We have also seen to-day shoals of flying fish, the nautilus, a large number of porpoises gambolling and rolling over one another; and a whale also was sighted in the distance. About nine o'clock to-night, there came on a great storm of rain, with a few vivid flashes of lightning; the first rain we have had since we left Plymouth. It poured in torrents. We go down into the saloon and sing hymns until it is time to retire to rest. Thus ends another Sabbath on the sea. Many of us have thought much of our friends to-day, wondering whether they have thought of us.

"Hear us, O Saviour! 'tis nightfall on the sea;
Kind Friend of Man, our hearts rise up to Thee.
Watch o'er us while the night o'er us is spread,
And pity us in peril; Thine own heart has bled."

Distance to-day, 303 miles; lat. $14^{\circ} 56'$ N., long. $18^{\circ} 03'$ W.

July 23rd.—It is very rough this morning, and some are getting sea-sick again. The water has lost its blueness. We are now in the neighbourhood of the Verd Islands, where the sea is green through the great mass of sea-weed that is to be found there. They derive their name from the verdancy of the waters. It is somewhat cooler for the rain, but still very hot. We have a head wind which makes the ship plunge considerably and impedes our progress.

Our sails have not been of much service to us yet, now they are all closely furled; but we are steaming away in spite of the wind and rolling waves. I had a splendid view of a nautilus this morning. The sailors call these curious shell-fish "Portuguese men-of-war;" their classical name is "*Tetrabranchiate cephalopods*." Their bodies are enclosed in a handsome shell resembling mother-of-pearl; it is spiral and divided into sections and numerous chambers. The animal appears to take up its abode in the foremost and largest of these, but by a syphon or tube it communicates with the farthest. The head is provided with a muscular disk, which acts as an organ of defence and assists it in creeping along the ground. It has eyes, but they are deep-set in the head, and are of a most simple structure. It usually remains at the bottom of the water, but after stormy weather, when the sea is calming, it rises to the surface. It then inflates its shell, and skims along the heaving waves, and looks like a very beautiful, elegant miniature skiff. Its little glistening sail of all shades of pink and crimson looks most beautiful as it gently glides by our great ship. It is Nature's mimicry of man's grandest ocean creation, and an anticipation of his mastery over the forces of the deep. Hartwig says of them, "What renders these animals peculiarly interesting is the circumstance that they are the only living representatives of a class which once filled in countless numbers the bosom of the primeval ocean, and whose fossil remains furnish the naturalist with a series of historical documents, attesting the unmeasured age of the planet. What are the ruins, thirty or forty centuries old, that speak

of the vanished glories of extinguished empires to these wonderful medals of creation that lead our thoughts through the dim vista of unnumbered centuries to the unfathomed abyss of the past?" O. Wendell Holmes, too, has written a sweet little lyric on this shell-fish, which he calls "the ship of pearl," and concludes with the following lesson:—

' Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings.—

" ' Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.' "

Distance run, 300 miles; lat. 10° 9' N., long. 17° 20' W.

July 24th.—Still rather rough, and a large number absent from the breakfast-table; but as the day wears on, the weather becomes much calmer and finer. We are now in what the sailors call "The Doldrums," where the sea is most uncertain; storms of wind and rain may suddenly arise, and as suddenly pass away; a dead calm may last for days, and then, without any warning, there may come a terrific hurricane. So we

have to be prepared for all kinds of weather. The flirtations of some of the fair ladies and amorous gentlemen are being noticed and commented on. A squib was posted up on the notice-board of the second saloon this morning, giving, in the form of a parody upon the programme of the concert which did not come off, a few sarcastic touches upon those who have thus distinguished themselves. One young lady, who has kept two gentlemen well entangled in the meshes of her charms, is put down to sing, "How happy I should be with either," &c. A gentleman whose attentions to a young lady wearing rather prominent eye-glasses had been most marked was put down to sing, "How I love thee, little four eyes." Another gentleman, who had been seen walking about rather too constantly with a very corpulent middle-aged lady, was to sing a sentimental song, "*Little sweetheart, come and kiss me.*" There were several other hits, which were very personal, and gave great offence.

We are now a long way from land, being opposite the Gulf of Guinea, more than a thousand miles of sea stretching between us and the African coast, and nothing can be seen but one boundless wilderness of waters. We feel here the vast expanse of the ocean. A sense of nothingness steals over us when we realize, as perhaps it can be realized nowhere else, the infinitude of the universe, and yet how circumscribed man is on every side! But we turn away from Nature unto Nature's God. We put forth our soul's hands to grasp a Father's heart. We remember that to Him who made the sea and whose it is, the smallest bird that skims its surface is precious; that not a sparrow falls

without Him, and that He numbers the very hairs of our head. Impressive and ever-varying as the sea is, it induces a kind of weariness that is best relieved by engaging in some lively or useful pursuit. All kinds of sports are popular. To-day among the first-class passengers there was a fine tug-of-war, all joining in with good will, *clergy as well as laity*, pulling away at the rope with great eagerness, much to the amusement of the on-lookers. The concert in the second saloon was postponed again: some said on account of the offence given by the squib posted up in the morning, but the reason assigned was that the steerage passengers had previously arranged to have one, and it would not be well to clash with them. During the evening, a flying fish was caught on the top-deck. It had leaped up out of the water, and fell upon the deck. It was struck dead by its fall. The sailors soon secured it, and tried to get a good price for it from some of the passengers. They wanted as much as five shillings for the fish, and five and sixpence for drying and stuffing it. A purchaser was rather hard to find at that price. It was a very fine specimen of the fish—about the size and shape of a small mackerel; its thin gauze-like wings giving it almost a bird-like grace. These fish are very numerous in the tropics; we see them here in shoals, rising out of the sea, and for a moment or two flashing like silver, then suddenly disappearing in the waves. There has been no attempt made to catch them, but on board sailing ships a light is often suspended from the chains on a dark night, and in that way they are caught as they dash towards it; they are then cooked, and, by many, are esteemed

a great delicacy. There is some improvement in our drunkards. The appeal to the purser has done good. He has forbidden the stewards at the bars to serve drink to the man who had most disgraced himself. The nights now are very long, the sun sets about six o'clock, and the moon rises late ; we shall soon see the Southern Cross. The North Star is visible for the last time to-night. Distance run, 257 miles ; lat. $6^{\circ} 57'$ N., long. $14^{\circ} 27'$ W.





CHAPTER IV.

Bearing and Crossing the Line.



JULY 25th.—Visited our neighbours in the steerage and forecastle to-day. Our ship is like a small town. We have an upper, middle, and lower class, and there is the same feeling of caste that prevails in society elsewhere. We have sixty-nine first-class passengers, 132 second-class, and 420 third-class and steerage; with the crew and children, we number 813 souls.

We appear sometimes very crowded, especially in the parts of the ship allotted to the second and third-class passengers. One of the quartermasters, in speaking of the crowded appearance of the ship, told me that when the *Orient* took the Duke of Connaught and the Scotch Guards to Egypt they had 1026 on board, besides more than 100 horses, and the ship did not appear half so inconveniently thronged. "Soldiers," he said, "know how to stand, they do not lounge about as civilians do; six soldiers can stand

or walk where three of you can." Doubtless, it would do some of us good to undergo drill, especially to be taught how to walk straight or stand still without holding on a rolling ship. Many are getting now what the sailors call "sea-legs," and are able to walk pretty fairly straight, when they take their daily "constitutional."

The athletic sports announced came off this afternoon. There were all kinds of races and feats of strength and skill, from what was called "a cock fight" among gentlemen to a skipping match among the ladies. There was great interest felt by the spectators, and many rounds of applause were given when any distinguished themselves. To-night the long postponed concert came off in the second saloon, and was a very fair success. The captain presided, and several songs were well rendered, but we do not seem to have in our company much musical genius.

We have seen to-night the Southern Cross and, like most who see it for the first time, are disappointed with it. It is simply composed of four stars placed diagonally—the one on the right hand not quite so brilliant as the others. The Cross seems constantly moving; sometimes it is nearly perpendicular, and at other times nearly horizontal. In the few hours during which we could see it, it altered its position very considerably, and about ten o'clock it was no longer visible. The Milky Way in this hemisphere is very bright and luminous; it looked like one solid mass of silvery light; the "bands of Orion," and the Pleiades, and "Arcturus with his sons," and many other constellations shone from out the chambers of

the South with a lustre only seen in the tropical heavens—

“Larger constellations burning, mellowed moons, and happier skies.”

Man sinks into insignificance before the glory of the heavens, but God is mindful of him, and *visits* him. “Think upon us here, O God, for good.” Distance run, 284 miles; lat $3^{\circ} 14' N.$, long. $11^{\circ} 31'$.

July 26th.—A very calm, beautiful morning: the sea almost like a lake; but though the surface of the water is smooth, yet it swells and heaves continually like the bosom of a mighty giant in his sleep. It has the appearance this morning of molten lead rolling around the vessel. We crossed the line about a quarter past nine o'clock. There was no celebration of the event as in days gone by. It used to be a most exciting time—especially for novices. The idea, at first, was probably that Neptune and Amphitrite came on board to welcome new comers to the southern seas, and a great deal of good amusement was probably obtained in the celebration of the event, but it ultimately led to great barbarities, being perverted into a mere pretext for the extorting of black-mail. It is well that this old custom has passed away. There was, of course, a good deal of joking, some proposing that a hair should be put across a telescope to enable the ladies to see it, others trying to make them believe that a row of ripples on the water was the veritable line, others gravely suggesting that the ship might get entangled in it, but no one seemed caught with the chaff so freely thrown about. The following little ditty was quoted by one or two.

THE ORIENT CROSSING THE LINE.

BY A PILGRIM.

I slept upon the quarter deck,
The wind blew calm and soft,
And like a cloud of jewels peeped
The little stars aloft.
As snugly sconced upon the hatch,
As if the world were mine,
I waited for the dawn to see
The *Orient* cross the line.

Chorus—

O just to see her cross the line,
Was ever anything so fine,
As in the early dawn to see
The *Orient* cross the line ?

At noon I sought the engineer,
And asked him, "Where's the line ?"
I thought his conduct very queer,
As he replied to mine.
He sent me to the stockhole,
And I had to pay my way,
But whether we had crossed the line,
He really could not say.

The fireman said, "If I were you
I'd to the galley go,
The cook's an early rising man,
And he is sure to know."
The cook—he helped me not at all,
But made me pay a fine,
And said "The captain, he's the man
Who always sights the line ?"

Then straight upon the quarter deck
I caught the captain bold ;

BOUND FOR AUSTRALIA

But what a dreadful tale it is
Which now I must unfold !
He sent me to the sailors
Who rule the stormy brine,
"They'll tell you just exactly when
The ship's upon the line."

"O here's a lark," the sailors say,
"He wants an easy shave,
We'll make him pay his tribute
To the monarch of the wave ;"
And oh the horrors of that hour—
What misery was mine !
I'll never take another trip,
And try to sight the line.

I'm wiser since that fatal day,
When this sad thing occurred,
And now I never seek the line
Upon the rolling surge ;
But in my pathway throughout life,
I never cut it fine,
But in all I think, or say, or do,
I try to sight the line.

On board we have a company gathered around a gentleman who is connected with the conjuring profession, and they are continually playing practical jokes and indulging themselves around the bar. They are supposed to be the authors of the squibs that have been posted up. They are now starting a paper to be called the *Orient Masher*, which I expect will be a society journal of the lowest type. This morning, having dressed one of their number up as a woman they have taken him round with a tin box suspended round his neck soliciting contributions. The first

number is to be out in a few days, and will be read in the saloon for the entertainment of the company. It requires no prophet to see that some mischief is probably brewing. A serious accident nearly occurred this afternoon. As the sailors were pulling away at a rope, it broke, and a large block fell from the rigging down upon the deck. There were several ladies and gentlemen sitting underneath, and one would have been killed if a sailor had not turned the block aside as it fell. No one was hurt, but several were very much frightened. It was a narrow escape. To-night we have had a most splendid view of the phosphorescent light. It was a marvellous display. Large islands of silvery brightness shone out upon the dark waters as if the milky way were reflected in the sea; and where the vessel cut through these masses of light, the waves swelled up and fell over flaked all down their sides with large luminous spangles; sometimes a wave would appear like an immense snowy feather covered with silver stars; at other times the whole side of the ship would be lighted up by the water flowing past it; and so for mile after mile we were dashing through these brilliant ocean splendours, and later in the evening, on going to the stern of the ship, and looking at the trail we made as we sped along, billow after billow tossed up by our screw was a mass of flickering flame, and for a long distance behind us wave after wave rolled away in little hills of liquid light. This lovely appearance of the sea is caused principally by a tiny organism called *Notiluca miliaris*, though there are many other animalculæ that are phosphorescent. It is a minute gelatinous crea-

ture, nearly globular, with a cord-like tail. Near the base of this tentacle is its mouth leading to a cavity in which the processes of digestion go on. It multiplies its species very rapidly. A single bucket of water will often contain thousands. "The nature of its luminosity," says Dr. Carpenter, "is found by microscopic investigation to be very peculiar; for what appears to the eye to be a uniform glow is resolvable, under a sufficient magnifying power, into a multitude of evanescent scintillations, and these are given forth with increased intensity whenever the body of the animal receives any mechanical shock." This is doubtless the cause of the wonderful brilliancy of the waters that we see to-night flashing on each side of our ship. Distance run, 269 miles; lat $0^{\circ} 20'$ S., long., 9° .





CHAPTER V.

Episcopal Puns and other Incidents of our Voyage to the Cape.

JULY 27th.—A very pleasant morning, though we have a head wind and are not making very rapid progress. Every one seems now to be enjoying the voyage. The bishop and his daughter visited the steerage passengers this afternoon to distribute the prizes to the successful competitors in the athletic sports. There were nearly twenty prizes given, and the bishop delivered an interesting speech, actually *making a pun*. In speaking about the “cock fight,” (a form of sport in which men contend together in a stooping position with a stick under their arms and legs) he said, “That he was not aware that there was a *fowl* on board, as the ship, having such a powerful refrigerator, did not carry any live stock, and we did not want anything *foul* on board, not even *foul* weather.” This was received with great applause, being considered a fair episcopal pun. The sun sets now about six o’clock, and there is but little twilight. It sinks very rapidly beneath the waters. This evening there

was again much beauty in the clouds as the sun was disappearing, and after gazing at it, on looking away, about twenty black discs appeared on the horizon, and for a few seconds, wherever I turned my eyes, I saw these dark suns. This may be a common phenomenon, but I had never noticed it before. Distance run, 287 miles; lat. $4^{\circ} 17' S.$, long. $6^{\circ} 6' W.$

July 28th.—This afternoon the wind is increasing and the ship is pitching and tossing a good deal. However, a lecture is delivered by the Rev. E. Gratton on "The wit and humour of Rowland Hill" to the good folks in the steerage. I, at his request, take the chair. There was a good attendance, and the address, chiefly anecdotal, was listened to with much attention. It is evident that many of the passengers, especially among the third-class, appreciate these attempts made to give them instruction. It is growing rougher this evening, and one sign of this is the order of the steward to place the *fidleys* of the table. These wooden protections to the cups and platters ordered out suggest, like Mother Carey's chickens, the coming of a rough sea. Distance run to-day, 270 miles; lat. $7^{\circ} 56' S.$, long. $3^{\circ} 27' W.$

Sunday, July 29th.—Very rough weather in the night: was waked this morning by the ship giving a heavy lurch and tossing me rather unceremoniously from one side of the berth to the other. Things are moving about in our cabin in all directions. It is very difficult to dress, as the floor of our room does not remain at one level for a moment, and sometimes just as you aim to insert a limb into its usual sartorial covering you find yourself suddenly pitched forward, and

the article of dress has to be surrendered, and you are only saved from falling by clutching the nearest holding-place. After sundry slips and tumbles, dressing is accomplished, at last, and the deck is reached. The sea is rolling grandly, but the wind is lessening, and we may have a moderately steady day. I find that the Catholics have already commenced their devotions. They begin, every morning, I am told, very soon after five o'clock, counting their beads and mumbling their prayers, much to the annoyance of the stewards who want to sweep and dust the room. This morning, mass was celebrated three times. The first at six and the last at half-past seven; the priests were most gorgeously dressed, one had a yellow satin chasuble embroidered with bright-coloured flowers in the form of a cross, and presented a most gaudy appearance. Churches which lose spiritual power must find their strength in other influences. There is an attractiveness, if not a philosophy in clothes. Men are caught by glare. Priests have too often appealed to this weakness of human nature. We sighted a ship about eight o'clock just as the breakfast bell rang. She was supposed to be the *Burmah*—a ship of about 1,000 tons burden, built for an inter-colonial company, but taking out a considerable number of passengers to Australia before she commences to run between the Australian ports. She left London about three days before us, but we have overtaken her, and in a few hours have left her behind. This is the only ship we have seen for days. The route our captain has taken does not seem to be one much travelled. Sailing ships have to go further out

to catch the trade winds. It has become calmer though cooler, and a large number assembled in the first saloon to hear the bishop. He gave us a very good discourse from the words of Christ: "*And if I say the truth, why do ye not believe Me?*" His argument was that just as the eye was made for seeing, and the ear for hearing, so the understanding was given us to test and receive truth. We were not to take truth because a clergyman taught it, but because *it was truth*. Each man was to train his mental and moral perceptions and bring himself into contact with the truth, and his salvation or destruction would depend upon his acceptance or rejection of it. The discourse failed most in the application, and ended somewhat abruptly. It was, however, a good sermon, and though some were asleep, others listened attentively. In the afternoon, a children's service was conducted for the young people in the steerage by the Rev. W. Shaw, a minister of the Methodist New Connexion. He sought to impress the young present with the importance of remembering their Creator. He told very effectively the story of the little hero in *Tom Brown's School Days*, and finished by urging all to be brave for God and the right. In the evening the second saloon was crowded to hear a sermon by the Rev. E. Gratton. The service was conducted in the usual Methodist way, Mr. Shaw and myself assisting the preacher. It was evidently a novelty to most present, as there are few Nonconformists on board; but the service gave great satisfaction to many. As Mr. Gratton, in speaking from the text, "*And we know that all things work together for good to them that*

love God," dwelt upon the providence of God working out our benefit through the trials and temptations of life, and urging us to trust Him amid our losses and sorrows, many an eye grew wet with tears, and many a mute but visible token of assent was given to his appeals. It was a season of refreshing to many a tried and weary heart, and it will not soon be forgotten. Distance run, 265 miles; lat. $11^{\circ} 29' S.$, long. $0^{\circ} 47' W.$ We have now got back again to Greenwich time, and can think of our friends in England as doing many things when we do them.

July 30th.—A cold dull morning, and the wind rising again. There is a notice up that the luggage will not be taken out of the hold next Monday, and that passengers are to get what they want to-day for a fortnight, and prepare for the weather being cold. We have had very little hot weather, and it is not likely that we shall have any more until we reach Australia, as it is winter in the southern hemisphere. Most thinking that we were going through the Suez Canal made great preparations for the heat, but we shall want fur caps, great coats, and rugs more than large straw hats, and white suits. The month of August is said to be the worst in the south seas, and many are prophesying *rough* things; but we shall have to meet each day, whether rough or smooth, trusting in Him who commandeth the stormy wave, and at whose behests the winds rise into hurricane or sink into a calm. As feared, fever has broken out in the fore-castle; one very bad case of typhoid has occurred, and the sufferer has been removed into the hospital. There are several inmates now: one is afflicted with

delirium tremens; two have been disabled by accidents; a stoker had his cheek crushed by a large piece of iron which fell upon him, and another man employed in the cooking department stumbled and seriously injured his foot. They seem all very well cared for; many of the passengers taking them little niceties. In the second saloon there has arisen a murmuring disposition, and a grievance meeting was called this afternoon. A resolution was passed asking the captain to grant the second-class passengers the use of the promenade deck, which is now used exclusively by the first-class, for an hour in the morning, and during the time the first class are dining. There was much complaint, too, about the third-class passengers encroaching upon the portions of the deck devoted to the second-class. A colonel in the army and myself were appointed to lay these matters before the captain; which we accordingly did. We found the captain most willing to listen to us, and we were received by him most courteously, but he could not grant the request made for more room. He said, the first-class paid extra fare to be select and that to permit the second to use their deck would be against the rules of the company. The second-class ought to be satisfied as they had far more room than on most ships, and this was known, for generally every berth in the second saloon was taken some time before the *Orient* arrived in the docks. Many rich people who could afford to travel first-class travelled second, but they could not expect the same advantages. With respect to the complaint about the third-class passengers, he would see that the trespassers should be stopped. We were very

well satisfied with our interview with the captain, though we obtained very little for our fellow-passengers from him; but we were so deeply impressed with his manly bearing, courteous firmness, soundness of judgment, and high sense of honour, that we felt that our little floating kingdom had a commander who could be trusted to rule, and that in any emergency there was one in power with a perfectly cool head and an iron hand. The afternoon teas have now become a fashionable institution on board. Dinner is served in the second saloon at half-past one, and luncheon in the first at one, and many ladies and gentlemen too thirst for a cup of good tea about four o'clock, and will not wait for the ordinary tea time, and so pleasant groups may be seen sprinkled over the saloons drinking the cup that quenches the thirst without quenching the intellect, and thoroughly enjoying themselves. "Tea out of one's own teapot is more talk-inspiring than out of the general urn," is the general sentiment. It is becoming much rougher to-night. Distance run, 261 miles; lat. $14^{\circ} 57'$ S., long. $1^{\circ} 54'$ E.

July 31st.—A very rough morning. Some stormy petrels have been seen, and preparations are being made for wild weather. These little birds which are supposed to herald storms are about the size of a swallow, and in their flight are not much unlike that bird. It is the smallest web-footed bird known, and lives almost always at sea. It is only in the breeding season that it seeks out some fissure in a lonely rock, and there deposits its egg. It has been called the "crow of the ocean," and lives upon any animal substance which may be found floating on the water. It is found

in almost all seas. Their appearance this time has been a true prognostication of a gale: for the sea is now rolling and crashing against the sides of our ship like thunder. Breakwaters are being put up, for the waves are now dashing over our bows, and it is not safe for the passengers to go too near them. Wave after wave comes roaring on and breaks over us with an angry hiss, while the ship trembles from stem to stern as it plunges through the billows. It is a magnificent scene. Taking a view of the sea in the far distance, the snowy patches of foam have the appearance of a multitude of wild, white horses leaping and prancing over a prairie. It is worth risking an occasional drenching with the spray to stand and watch the sea now. The sailors call this "just blowing a little fresh," but it is quite rough enough for most of us on board. As the day goes on the gale gets worse. Many are getting sick again.

This evening, however, despite the rough weather, the first number of the *Orient Masher* is announced to be read in the saloon, and at half-past eight a large company assemble to hear its contents. Many expect it to be very offensive, others think that the publishers will try to make the first number respectable so as to have their full chance to strike afterwards. It was a clever production, but very "slangy" and personal. When I state that a respectable young lady was mentioned in it *by name* as being compelled to use bottles of lavender water to keep the moustaches of a gentleman from her lips; and that in the leader there were such phrases as "doing the heavy," and "feeling blue," the character

of the paper will be seen. Under good editorship a newspaper on board might be made both entertaining and useful, but in the hands of the present staff it will only be a nuisance and create much strife and bitterness. I find, too, in spite of wind and weather, there was an auction held among the third-class passengers this afternoon. Hats, sheets, bottles of sauce, onions, and various articles of clothing were put up and sold, though now and then a wave would come and give the ship a lurch and the auctioneer and the crowd around him would have to reel a step or two, and to bring themselves up together again. An amateur artist had painted a picture in water colour during the voyage, but his production only realized the modest sum of sixpence. The night is a wild one and we retire to our cabins, but we fear that we shall not have much sleep. Nevertheless we commend ourselves to Him whose arm is omnipotent, whose heart is love, and whose eye never slumbers nor sleeps. Distance run, 260 miles; lat. 18° 18' S., long. 4° 46' E.

August 1st.—Several times during the night nearly tossed out of my berth by the rocking of the ship. The sea is still fiercely raging. In the cabin the clothes suspended are swinging to and fro, and boxes, tins, and boots are moving about in fine style, dancing, as one lady said, a pretty polka, and to preserve one's equilibrium in dressing is a difficult performance—there goes a great crash! one of the stewards in setting the breakfast things has let the cups and platters fall. Everything seems in a very noisy, clattering condition. I reach the deck about seven o'clock, after several attempts to walk in the ordinary

way, and failing, clutch at the rails for support, and then make a rush for the next point, and so from stage to stage I at last arrive at my accustomed spot for my morning walk. It is deluged every now and then by the sweeping waves, and after several narrow escapes from being drenched, I retire to a more sheltered place. There are several who make the same attempt. We do, indeed, "stagger to and fro and reel like a drunken man." We go down to breakfast to find many absent. Sea-sickness has become prevalent again, and a goodly number have not left their beds. There is very little stirring to-day. Sports are postponed; but a few who possess irrepressible energy are full of their practical jokes, leaping over each other's backs, sparring, sticking labels on each other's coats; but the few that venture on deck, especially the ladies, fix their chairs in some sheltered nook, and as cheerfully as possible wear the hours away. This day like all others wears away, but there is no abatement in the gale. The port-holes have now to be shut, and this makes the saloons and cabins very close. It is a matter of surprise that no one has ever invented something better to give light and air to ships than these old fashioned port-holes. Why could they not be larger to give more light? and why could there not be some appliance devised to let the air in when it is necessary to close them in a gale? Will some one gifted with the faculty of invention take this hint? The long day and dark evening at last come to an end, and we go to our berths, but sleep comes not to the eyelids for a long time. We are kept awake by the noise of the screw

as it grapples with the water, and then, as the stern of the vessel is lifted by the pitching of the ship, it is raised for a second or two above the depression of the receding wave, and whirls round rapidly until checked by some mechanical contrivance, then down again to grip the water, with a tremendous force making the whole ship quiver. As this is going on continually through the night it tends greatly to disturb our rest. A good stock of patience, endurance, and cheerfulness should be brought on board with the voyager, for he will need these virtues before the journey ends. And especially does he need them in the noisy nights when sleep will not come, invite it how you will. Distance run 206 miles; lat. $21^{\circ} 7' S.$, long. $6^{\circ} 52'$.

August 2nd.—It is a little quieter this morning. The breakwater is taken away, and we can promenade in our usual place at the forepart of the ship. A good deal of water has been shipped in the forecastle during the rough weather; but most of the passengers there are hardy men and have been used to endure many privations, and so they seem to bear this discomfort with the dogged stolidity and quiet fortitude common to English working-men. But the sun is rising and the wind is lessening. The day grows finer and warmer every hour, and cheerfulness again reigns.

“Man varies with the varying day,
A weather glass his nature is.”

We see two or three Cape gulls flying about. As we draw nearer land, we shall sight more and more of the feathered tribe. We have seen very little besides the

sea for days. To-night, the amusement committee have arranged for a social evening in the second saloon. Various games are engaged in. Small parties are formed as in drawing rooms at home, and music and riddles and pleasing tales wile the hours away. Our chief steward, whose aim is to make every one comfortable and happy on board, is full of fun. He can play upon his concertina,—which he calls his little wife—many a merry air, sing a pleasant song, give a good recitation, tell a tale, or propound conundrums. Most of the following are of his making.

When is the *Orient* like a diamond pin? When she is on the breast of a heavy swell.

Why are there never any marriages on board the *Orient*? Because the mails are tied up in bags.

Why are the stewards of the *Orient* like race-horses? Because they are always running for cups or plates.

Why is the doctor of the *Orient* like a refrigerated duck? Because there is no quack in him.

Why are the sailors of the *Orient* the smallest men in the world? Because they sleep in their watches.

Why is the *Orient* the most polite ship in the world? Because she always advances with a bow.

Why is the *Orient* like a modest young lady? Because she steers clear of the buoys.

When may the *Orient* be said to be making love? When she is tied up to a buoy.

When may the *Orient* be said to be ambitious? When she is making up to a pier.

When is the *Orient* like a condemned criminal? When she is leaving the dock.

Why is it unnecessary to carry eggs on board the *Orient*? Because the captain may order the ship to lay two.

Why is a gong like the cook of the *Orient*? Because the one makes a din, and the other a dinner.

Why is a loaf of bread the mother of the steam engines of the *Orient*? Because bread is a necessity, the steam engines are an invention, and necessity is the mother of invention.

In his cabin, he has given a pointed turn to a common saying, to warn any one who might be tempted to take some of the pleasant things stored there. It is put thus, "The Lord helps them that helps themselves, but the Lord *help* them that are caught *helping themselves here!*" We believe him to be a good Christian man, and his influence on board is on the side of good order, sobriety, and religion. Strong personal influence is needed to resist the rowdyism that prevails on board. While the respectable portion enjoy themselves in a quiet way, the roughs are at the bar drinking, or gambling, or playing all sorts of noisy pranks with each other.

It is sad to see how many young men—probably of respectable parents, and well educated—are drawn into these circles of dissipation and disgrace themselves. They look like strong and well rigged barks caught in the outer whirl of the maelstrom, and it will be only by a desperate struggle that they will escape ruin. Our colonies must suffer by the constant importation of such vicious specimens of manhood. They doubtless leave England for their country's advantage, but the new countries to which they go must be all the worse

for their coming. Distance run, 227 miles; lat. $24^{\circ} 11'$ S., long. $6^{\circ} 52'$.

August 3rd.—Very fine this morning, but the air has a breath of winter in it. The sun does not rise now until about half-past six o'clock. I am told that many of the sunrises are very majestic and lovely, but as I sleep on the westerly side of the ship and cannot rise before daylight, the lamp not being lighted in the morning, I do not see them. There was a very fine sunset to-night: a long mass of dark clouds skirted the horizon which as the sun went down became radiant with purple and gold; now and then the golden light stole across the waves and turned them into liquid fire, and the smaller clouds breaking into long feathery bands stretched across the heavens constantly varied with the most gorgeous colours, sometimes scarlet, sometimes dark red shading into the most delicate pink; sometimes becoming so fleecy as to glitter like thinly scattered snow upon the azure firmament. But what attracted most attention was a dense black pile to the south-east. This looked very ominous, and in the opinion of the sailors betokened a dirty night; as it was so fine and clear some would not believe that a storm was near, but before we had finished tea we could feel by the rolling of the ship that the wind had arisen and the weather became dark, wet, and cold. A dance that was arranged for had to be postponed, and most retired early to their berths. Distance run, 278 miles; lat. $27^{\circ} 51'$, long. $12^{\circ} 26'$.

August 4th.—Most are anxious to-day about when we shall reach the Cape. We have made rather a slow passage so far, as the wind has been against us and

some are inclined to complain that we have not arrived yet. The captain tells us that we shall be in Cape Town to-morrow morning, and most are busy to-day writing letters and finishing diaries to post there. The bishop, the Roman Catholic priests and others have been addressing the steerage passengers on the dangers which arise from intemperance, and warning them against the special temptations that will be found on shore. There is a very strong spirit sold there called Cape Snoko, which inflames the brain and produces in those who take it the worst effects of intoxication, and they especially warned their hearers against it. We hope these counsels will have a good effect and that the disgraceful scenes which were witnessed at Teneriffe will not occur again. The ship to-day has taken to sudden rolling from side to side. The sea is not rough as there is little wind, but every now and again a wave perfectly smooth on its surface will roll quietly along and give our ship a sudden and violent lurch. These are called "ocean rollers." They appear to be the result of the constant restlessness of the sea, and they produce a most unpleasant motion in the ship; suddenly she will roll from side to side as if she were going to capsize altogether; platters and bottles, boxes and boots rattle along the tables, shelves, and floors, and nothing can be kept in its place, and while the roll continues walking becomes an impossibility. This is the most unpleasant of all the movements our good ship troubles us with. At meal times, the lively rush of the dishes, plates, and cups, from side to side of the table, the shouting and screaming out when a plate of soup or a cup of tea is turned over into a gentleman's

or lady's lap, make a good deal of merriment ; but still there is much in this peculiar roll which is decidedly disagreeable. We shall really be "rocked in the cradle of the deep" to-night. Distance run, 285 miles ; lat. $31^{\circ} 35'$, long. $15^{\circ} 48'$.





CHAPTER VI.

Arrival at Cape Town.



SUNDAY, August 5th.—Waked this morning about four o'clock by the ship giving a fearful lurch. Many were much frightened. She rolled to and fro so heavily that when she was on one side some feared that she would never right herself again. My little daughter cried out, "Oh pa, she's going right over." There was shouting and screaming in all directions. But in a few minutes the heavy rolling nearly ceased, and the ship was moderately steady again; and so changeable is human nature that peal after peal of laughter arose from the cabins at the strange medley jumbled together, and set moving there. Cigars running from gentlemen's into ladies' cabins; scent bottles, tins of biscuits, hats, books, boots, portmantaus, and trunks, all were whirling about in wild confusion and presenting the most grotesque combinations. Some time elapsed before all was quiet again. I dressed, and went on deck. It was a dark, misty morning, and as we were approaching the dangerous coast of the Cape we were going at half-speed. We sight the

lighthouse on Robbin Island, where a few years ago the *Windsor Castle* was wrecked, and nearly all hands perished : and soon light after light gleams out over the waters, and we know that when the morning dawns we shall see land once more. The time passes rather drearily until the grey light steals up from the eastern sky, and then the coast line is clearly visible and the Table Mountain is seen looming in the distance before us. This mountain is regarded as a landmark for mariners, and is 3,550 feet high. The top of it is covered with mist this morning, but its sides and the steep hills surrounding the town are covered with grass, which is very refreshing to our eyes—weary as they are with gazing upon the sea. We drop anchor at half-past seven. Very soon the government officer of health arrives, and as the general condition of the passengers is supposed to be satisfactory we are permitted to land. Many avail themselves of the opportunity ; some arrange to stay till morning so as to have a good night's rest, as their sleep has been very much broken by the rolling of the ship.

After breakfast, the two Methodist ministers and myself went ashore. We thought that we would try to gain some insight into the religious life of Cape Town. We had hardly reached the town before we heard the Salvation Army marching along and trying to arrest the attention of the people by its drums and tambourines. There were about twenty people in the procession, and some of these were Africans ; they were regarded very cynically by the little groups of Malays, or negros, who attired in their Sunday clothes stood around their doors. We did not follow the

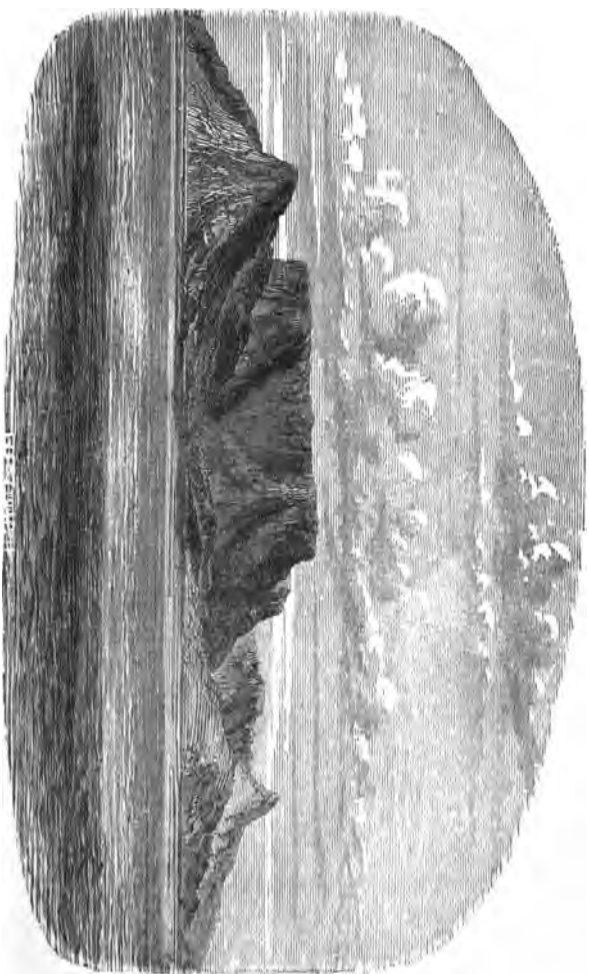


TABLE MOUNTAIN, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Army to its barracks as we intended to see what it was doing later in the day. We first looked in at a small company of worshippers assembled to break bread together in the name of Christ in the Odd-fellows' Hall. These we found were Plymouth Brethren—the most Scriptural of all sects, probably, in their modes of Church life, but the most narrow and unscriptural in the spirit in which they interpret that life. Those who were members and communicants were separated from the outside world, which was warned not to pass beyond a certain boundary by a printed notice board. We did not stay long here, but hurried on to the Wesleyan chapel, which is a magnificent structure, built in the Gothic style, of various coloured stone somewhat resembling granite. It is well pewed and has a fine-toned organ. The congregation was very much like one that might be found in England, excepting that there was a number of the coloured race. There was a well-to-do air about the gentlemen who made the collection (for, of course, there was one), which showed that Wesleyan Methodism was a social as well as a moral power in the town. The preacher was hardly equal to his environment. He gave a very discursive talk on Christ as a teacher,—upon what His enemies said of Him—and upon His wonderful wisdom in dealing with His critics; but there was little in it that took hold of the audience or that would stir them to nobler living. The hymns brought back memories of home: in the poetry of Methodism the soul speaks, and its language is the same in all lands. It was a pleasant thought that when we were singing

our closing hymn the services in the dear old country were about commencing, and that in the sanctuaries there, some of the same spiritual aspirations might be ascending to the ear of the one great Father of men. We hastened from the chapel to the cathedral, and there we found the dean just finishing his sermon. It was a most florid production. As we entered he was piling phrase on phrase, in the most eloquent way, to describe the character and work of Jesus. He was "the bunch of myrrh, the rose of Sharon, the honey from the rock, the sun of glory, the light of the heart, the tender Shepherd, the weary heart's rest," and so on until he had reached, I should think, the thirtieth descriptive metaphor. It sounded almost like a passage from one of the old divines. The dean speaks rapidly and with a business-like air. Finishing his sermon rather suddenly with the usual ascription of praise to the Deity, he walked somewhat quickly towards the altar, and after it was announced that the offertory would be taken, while a hymn was being sung, he prostrated himself before a crucifix, and remained in that position until the service was over. From the appearance of the altar and the choir, it is very evident that Ritualism has a strong centre here. It is not the Church that must be lifted up to draw men, but CHRIST. He is the great attractive force in the midst of His people, and no rites, however imposing, can take His place. The cathedral is not a very ornate one. It is a plain Corinthian structure, and capable of holding about fifteen hundred people. There was a large congregation, chairs being placed in the aisles. Other

religious bodies are well represented in the town. The Dutch Church is very strong.

After walking up a most lovely grove of oak trees, called "The Avenue,"—planted by the Dutch when they first took possession here,—and partaking of refreshment, we set out to find the quarters of the Salvation Army. On our way, we were struck with the number of Malays dressed in the most elegant and expensive attire. On inquiry, we found that it was their New Year's Day, and that, being celebrated at the end of thirty days' fast, it was a festive season. There were many about the railway station, evidently going to spend the afternoon in the country. There was one priest, who had just returned from Mecca with high honours; he wore an under gown of white and yellow satin, a turban of white silk ornamented in the centre with plaited straw of various colours, and a bright watered green silk robe thrown gracefully over his shoulders. He was a fine tall man of about forty years of age, with a face full of energy and thought. Most of the women were as gay as walking rainbows; all possible colours were laid under contribution to gratify their tastes; pink, yellow, purple, blue and green of various shades might be seen, all combining together to beautify the fair sex. Generally they were arrayed in an immense skirt greatly extended, surmounted by a garibaldi, a scarf, and a mantilla, each of which was of the most bright and varied colours. Both sexes are very particular about their boots; they have them made after a highly embellished pattern, and will often give two or three pounds for a pair. The dark races are very fond of gay colours. To see

the blackamoors here—as the Africans are called—arrayed in their Sunday clothes, is certainly a funny sight. A black young swell will don patent leather boots, red-striped trousers, yellow waistcoat, scarlet tie, dark blue coat, and a light felt hat undershaded with green ; and will walk along with a consequential air, lifting his feet from the ground and setting them down again in the most grotesque manner, evidently quite proud of himself and the figure he cuts ; and the young black girl will dress in smart European fashions, her jet wavy hair adorned with a hat elaborately trimmed with ribbons and roses, or glistening with a long ostrich feather.

After observing the people for a time (and there is a great mixture of nationalities here to observe), we found our way to a large room where the Salvation Army holds its meetings. We were some minutes too soon ; but a considerable number of youths had gathered together, and were already making a great noise, and indulging in rough jests upon the Army. The captain and about a dozen of his followers ascended the platform and at once commenced the meeting. He was a tall, thin man, with a large mouth and loud voice, both of which he used to their fullest capacity. He began by announcing a hymn printed in the *War Cry*, and urged the people repeatedly to buy that publication, so as to join in the singing : at the end of each verse he made the following appeal, “ We learn you the toons, surely you can find a penny for a *War Cry* ! Only a penny for the best publication in the world ! Come, buy one.” The singing was very loud, and the chorus was taken up by the audience in the

most jaunty and clamorous manner. About two hundred had assembled in the room, and a very large portion present were young men of the street-corner-lounging stamp, and who seemed ready for any kind of noise or mischief. There were very few females, and fewer still of persons of respectable middle age. Not very many copies of the paper were sold; some shouting out that "they hadn't a penny," others mocking the appeal of the captain to buy one. After singing the hymn through and repeating the chorus until the audience could sing it easily and loudly, the captain knelt and prayed, but his prayer was interrupted frequently by the clamour of the youths present. There seemed no reverence, no devout feeling, talking and jesting going on all around. After he had finished, a young lady, who wore the regimentals of the Army, and was apparently one next in position, prayed: she had a face of much sweetness of expression and of considerable spirituality, and in this respect contrasted favourably with the rest of the females on the platform. The "Hallelujah Lasses" were mostly of the coloured race, and appeared to belong to the lowest type of that people; there were only two or three white faces among them. The men were of the usual enthusiastic order found in the ranks of the Army, though in their case we missed the customary rapturous responses to the petitions offered in prayer. The young lady pleaded very earnestly for the unconverted, and while she was praying, a silence now and then fell upon the meeting; her voice, though somewhat husky with much speaking and singing, had yet an arrestive pathos in it. We expected that when she spoke she

would wield a spiritual power over the rough human element around her, but alas! we were disappointed. She, too, announced a hymn from the *War Cry*, and commenced to urge those present to purchase them. She related how a person was converted by reading one, and urged them to buy them to give them away. "We shall lose a lot of money," she said, "if you do not. We have had them brought all the way from England, and surely you will buy one. Only a penny for that which may convert a soul!" After each verse, this appeal was repeated again and again; and seeing that some allowed their friends to look over the one they had, she reproved them sharply as hindering the sale. It seemed as if the chief object aimed at was the sale of the *War Cry*. Of course there were exhortations and prayers, but the constant recurrence to this theme made it appear as if there were some purpose in it. Is the sale of the *War Cry* a mark of efficiency in the corps? Are General Booth's staff promoted according to their ability to push the sale of this publication? We could scarcely understand the anxiety manifested to sell, unless some thing more than the dissemination of pure literature was at stake. It seemed a pity that a number of professedly Christian men and women should have gathered a crowd of worldlings around them on the Sabbath day, and their chief effort to convert them was to get them to purchase a penny periodical, that they might learn a new hymn! We came away saddened. There was plenty of noisy zeal, but there was wanting the "still small voice" that arrests the conscience, and turns the daily life "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

We returned to the ship after leaving this meeting and found great excitement among the few Irish on board, as the news of the murder of Carey, the informer, a few miles from Cape Town, had reached them. All of them seemed glad that he had met with an untimely end; one short Irishwoman was shouting loudly, that "It sarved 'im roight, the villen," and the rest concurred in her verdict. It was a calm, quiet evening; nature would throw its gentle hush over human passion and strife, and whisper of a life of peace, deep and undisturbed in the heart of God. We walked the deck about eight o'clock, and looked across at the city, with its lighted churches, busy streets, and houses, and thought how soon the mantle of night would encircle all in the stillness of sleep, and the words of Longfellow came into our mind,—

"Sleep, sleep, O city! though within
The circuit of your walls there lies
No habitation free from sin,
And all its nameless miseries;
The aching heart, the aching head,
Grief for the living and the dead."





CHAPTER VII.

Preparations for Departure from Cape Town.



UGUST 6th. Slept soundly until seven o'clock, and going on deck saw that preparations were being made for coaling. This would have commenced yesterday, if the coolies had not had their festival; for, as the chief mate said to me, "We know no Sundays on a voyage." This morning, coal barges are towed by a steam-tug to the sides of our ship, and troops of black and tawny fellows board us, and the work begins. Everything is soon covered with coal dust. It settles everywhere. Nearly all the passengers go on shore to get out of the way of it, though the weather is squally and rainy, and there are no means of going except in small sailing boats, and the descent into them is somewhat dangerous, as there is a heavy swell on the sea. We, and the ladies of our party, go too. Cape Town is well worth a second visit. It was founded by the Dutch, in 1652, but finally taken from them by the English, after several severe battles, at the beginning of this century. Everywhere you see the energetic touch of the English hand. Docks, breakwater, custom house, railway station, cabs, and

manufactories, all have an English look about them, and yet there is very much left of the old condition of things created by the Hollanders. The houses, the curiously ill-paved and guttered streets, the closely-walled gardens, and the Dutch names and signs over the places of business, are all remnants of the work of the founders of the city. Froude speaks of it as "a curiously old-fashioned place," with "a modern skin imperfectly stretched over it." Evidently there is a struggle here, as in most places, between the new creative spirit of the age, and the worn-out usages of a time gone by. New houses of business, banks, and wharves are being built, and if trade should revive here—for lately there has been a season of great commercial depression—the town will assume more and more the appearance of a prosperous English seaport.

The papers here are full of a new discovery of coal near to Cape Town, and predict a period of commercial prosperity. Already many prospectuses are advertised for the working of the mines, and speculation is rife. Man has been called a "speculating animal," and it is true that wherever any mass of wealth is found, there will the speculators be gathered together. Wealth often turns into carrion in their hands for the vultures to feed on.

Cape Town is very pleasantly situated; most of the streets end upon the mountain slopes, where the most beautiful forms of vegetation abound. It is winter here, and yet the air is mild, and flowers are blooming everywhere. Splendid white lilies in full bloom are growing wild upon the banks of the streams; camelias, roses, cacti, heliotropes, and many other flowers, only

seen in England in conservatories, are all in their beauty in the open air. There are several peculiar forms of flora here; the silver tree with its white shining leaves is only found on Table Mountain; while the sugar bush, bearing long scarlet cones, the snail tree, the prickly fig, the Hottentot fig, orange, and palm trees all grow here in abundance. Wild flowers, too, beautify the soil in richest profusion. We visited the Botanical Gardens, where there are very choice varieties of shrubs and plants; and in the gardens there is a very fine museum for the use of students. We went into the market to purchase some fruit; there did not seem to be much business stirring; there were in limited quantities good oranges, bananas, guavas, mandarins, quinces, and also ostrich eggs and calabashes, which some bought as curiosities. The women who kept the stalls were dressed in the most brilliant style, in silks of various colours, a very striking contrast to the market women in our towns in England.

We returned to the ship about four o'clock, in a small steamboat which pitched and rolled very much, and we had a great deal of difficulty in getting on board the ship. We had been notified that we should start for Adelaide at four, but we found that the coal-ing was still going on. We went on to the promenade deck, and saw boat after boat arrive from the shore. There was much excitement in seeing the passengers get on board the ship, as the heaving of the sea only allowed one to leap on the ship's ladder at a time, and this only occasionally. The boats would sink down sometimes to the depth of ten feet below it, and then suddenly rise above it, making it very dangerous to

take the leap. However, all got safely on board, and no serious accident occurred. We could also see in the distance the fort and castle where Cetewayo was incarcerated ; it was stated in Cape Town that he was killed, but the report was received very dubiously. We were also interested in watching the graceful gyrations of the sea gulls and penguins and other small birds which sported on the water around us. The penguin is a very peculiar bird ; from the strange noise it makes it is called "The Jackass," and its movements on the water are very peculiar. Darwin says of it, "In diving, its little plumeless wings are used as fins, but on the land as front legs. When crawling (it may be said on four legs) through the tussocks, or on the side of a grassy cliff, it moves so very quickly, that it might readily have been mistaken for a quadruped. When at sea, and fishing, it comes to the surface for the purpose of breathing with such a spring, and dives again so instantaneously, that I defy anyone at first sight to be sure that it is not a fish leaping for sport."

The evening sets in cold and showery and we are glad to go down into the saloon. About eight o'clock, however, I went on the deck ; the men are still at work coaling the ship, and it is uncertain whether we shall start before morning. It is a weird scene. Two large electric lights flash down upon the black men as they haul the bags of coal from the barges on to the deck, and empty them down the hatches. They shout and bustle about, and sometimes tumble over one another in the most ungainly fashion, much to the amusement of the onlookers. They are still working when we retire to rest about eleven o'clock.



CHAPTER VIII.

From the Cape to Adelaide.



AUGUST 7th—Waked about one o'clock by the rolling of the ship. We weighed anchor about half-past twelve, and very soon we were in a rough sea. At the Cape it is seldom smooth. The highest waves known are those which are seen here in a north-west gale. The Portuguese discoverer of this cape, Bartholomew de Diaz, called it *Cabo dos Tormentos*, or the Cape of Storms, and doubtless this was an appropriate name. It was King John II of Portugal, who considering the good that might arise from the discovery and the navigation of the regions beyond, changed its name into *Cabo de Bon Espérance*, or the Cape of Good Hope. A number of fresh faces are seen at the breakfast table, for we have taken some fresh passengers at the Cape. There is a good deal of grumbling about this in the second saloon; it was crowded enough before, and now there are nineteen more in it. There are, according to the steward's statement, no less than 151 second-class passengers;

while accommodation, according to the Company's regulations, is only provided for 138. There are also fifteen more third-class added to their crowded quarters, and two more to the first-class.

This morning we had quite a quarrel between two old gentlemen at the breakfast table. One of them was a Yorkshireman, who has attained some notoriety for his peculiar dialect and sharp sayings. He has a difficulty in making himself understood as he speaks the broadest *patois* of his county, and his peculiar speech and manners are often the object of a good deal of chaffing and ridicule; but sometimes he turns upon his opponents with a rough, rasping sentence that nearly puts them to silence. He has amused the company once or twice by singing some old Yorkshire songs, and once he set the whole saloon in a roar by telling them, when his high notes quavered into a broken, unintelligible screech, that "he could sing once, but he had spoilt his voice by whistling." This morning, however, he lost his temper, and made his fellow-passengers laugh at him for another reason. He had been making some attempts, rendered ineffectual by the oscillation of the ship, to land his porridge safely to his mouth, much to the amusement of those who were near him, when, excited by their mirth, he jumped up and seized his neighbour—an old man about his own age—by the nose, wringing it severely; and not satisfied with that, he took his plate of porridge and threw it over him. There was quite a commotion for a few minutes; the old gentleman attacked protesting against the outrage and threatening to thrash the fiery Yorkshireman if he

did not desist; the Yorkshireman replying loudly in his broadest doric that he would do it again; shouts from all parts of the table, "Go it Yorky!" "Turn the fellow out!" "Sit down!" "Shame!" but as the humour of the scene was caught by the spectators, there was a loud guffaw of laughter from one end of the table to the other, under the influence of which both the combatants quieted down and resumed their breakfast.

We could see the African coast until three o'clock this afternoon; sometimes it assumed a most notched and jagged outline, at other times, dark, solitary mountains rounded themselves off smoothly into the blue sky, and at length the cape of Agulhas, the last point visible, faded from our view, and once more we were out on the wide open sea, its angry waves roaring and hissing around us. It has been just discovered that we have nine stowaways on board who have hidden themselves in the coal-bunks at Cape Town. One of them is quite a boy, a runaway apprentice, it is said; he is in rags, and has no shoes to his feet. The captain had them all brought before him, and after severely questioning them, he agreed that they should be allowed to work their passage out. It is a very rough night and the waves roar and are troubled; they lift up their voice on high; but we remember Him who said to the winds and waves. "Peace, be still," and commend ourselves to His care, Distance run at noon, 100 miles; lat. $35^{\circ} 03'$, long. $19^{\circ} 10'$.

August 8th.—A fearfully rough morning and very cold and wet. We sight a ship about nine o'clock.

It seemed driving before the wind at a rapid rate. We see very few ships on this route.

“Occasionally we see a ship,
More often ship a sea.”

Distance run to day, 305 miles; lat. $36^{\circ} 42'$, long. $25^{\circ} 05'$.

August 9th.—A rough morning again, and bitterly cold. Frequent storms of snow and hail fall to-day. We have seen to day large flocks of small birds which are said to be whale-birds; they have light brown wings and backs, but are silvery white underneath; they look very pretty as they glide over the waves, and sweep swiftly round and round in the bright, clear air. Their presence denotes that we are near where whales are often seen, but we do not sight any. The sun sets now at half-past five and the evenings are very long. Every degree we go from west to east makes four minutes difference in the time. We are now about two hours and a half before the Greenwich time, and shall gain nearly half an hour a day now for the rest of the voyage. Distance run to-day, 319 miles; lat. $38^{\circ} 5'$, long. $31^{\circ} 34'$.

August 10th.—Still very rough and cold. Many are sick, and most are grumbling. Very few care to venture on deck. The wind is so high that it is hardly safe to stand there without holding by a rope or an iron bar. The smokers in the second saloon are in a state of burning discontent and rebellion. They are forbidden to smoke in the saloon and in their cabins, and it is too rough on deck for them, and as no smoking room is provided, they are unable to indulge them-

selves with their usual sedative. They are loud in their complaints, and one or two have been discovered smoking in their cabins. One has been brought before the captain and severely reprimanded for doing it. It is to be hoped that this will stop the practice, as it is a most dangerous one. A spark dropped upon the bed clothes might cause a conflagration. A fire is a terrible thing on land, but far more terrible on board ship, especially when the sea is raging around us so fiercely that no small boat could live. A man must be intensely selfish, or sadly demoralized by his habit of smoking, to peril his own life and the lives of hundreds of his fellow-passengers, for the sake of gratifying a craving appetite. But some must have their pipe, even "if the heavens fall."

Some of us venture on deck and reach the stern of the vessel, and while holding to the bulwarks, stay and watch the birds which now in considerable numbers follow the ship to pick up the waste food that may be thrown overboard. There is the Cape pigeon, which is the most beautiful of birds; its speckled breast, its spotted wings, the peculiar way in which it alights on the water to pick up its food, and its graceful gyrations make it an object of much interest and beauty. Some have compared these lovely birds with their variegated plumage and flapping flight to large butterflies, and it is not an unhappy comparison. On a sailing ship they are often caught by floating some lengths of strong thread from the taffrail, which, being carried out by the wind and the motion of the ship, form a kind of net, and the birds flying across them become entangled and are caught. We also see a few molly-

mawks ; these are larger than the Cape pigeon, and are not so beautiful, their feathers are much darker, the wings appearing quite black in the distance ; they fly in a more direct line, and when they wheel round in their flight, as they occasionally do, they take a much wider sweep. But most noticeable of all our feathery followers is the stately albatross, rising and falling with the heaving of the waves, then moving onward swiftly in a straight line, then taking a magnificent curve, and after a while swooping down for a moment on the waters to seize some piece of refuse or an unfortunate fish that may rise to the surface, and then on again with scarcely a perceptible movement of its long grand wings. It has wonderful powers of flight. Without any apparent effort it will sweep past our ship and take several wide circles, and then return to follow us. These birds have been known to follow a ship for days. It is related in *Chambers's Journal* that in order to see whether the same birds continued to follow a ship, or whether those first seen had not disappeared, and been replaced by others, "a conspicuous mark had been made by a pistol bullet in the wing of an old brown-headed and curiously pied bird, by which he could be identified without doubt. The second and third flight feather had been shot away, leaving a clearly defined gap in the wing, as it came between the light and the eye, and this bird followed us for three days after having been fired at, though we had been sailing an average of nearly eight knots an hour." They are often caught, and nearly every part of their body is utilized by the passengers and crew. During the last voyage of the *Orient*, one was caught, and it measured

fourteen feet across the wings. The eagle-like head is generally preserved as an ornament, by being stuffed and fixed on a block of marble or hard wood; its feet are preserved and turned into pedestals to support some article of *virtu*; its thigh and wing bones are generally mounted and made into pipe stems; its lovely snowy breast is prepared and made into a fine warm lady's muff. So nearly the whole of the bird becomes "spoil to divide"; but its flesh cannot be eaten, it is too oleaginous, and even its skin, unless very carefully preserved, becomes offensive because of the great amount of oil in it. We watch these birds for a time, but the cold, rough wind sends us below, and wrapped up in great-coats and rugs, we get through the weary day as well as we can. Distance run to-day, 299 miles; lat. $39^{\circ} 06'$, long. $37^{\circ} 45'$.

August 11th.—A little warmer and calmer this morning. More venture on deck. There is very little stirring to-day. Most are beginning to feel tired of the voyage, and looking with longing eyes towards the Australian coast. Some seem almost worn out with *ennui*. They have nothing to do: now the weather is rough they cannot walk and flirt on deck: they can engage in no athletic sports or wild horse-play; and thrown upon their own mental resources, they are utterly miserable. Some try to relieve the monotony by reading novels and sleeping. One gentleman is reputed to sleep all his time except when he is at the table eating. He is aroused in the morning by a friend, yawns and stretches himself, and sits down to breakfast; the meal is hardly finished, when, like Dickens's fat boy, he is asleep again until he is awakened for

dinner, and this meal over, he turns into his berth again, and is seen no more until the tea-bell rings, when he crawls out, drinks his tea, and then turns in for the night. Distance run to-day, 287 miles; lat. $39^{\circ} 17'$; long. $48^{\circ} 59'$.

Sunday, August 12th.—Very fine morning, clear and sunny, but cold. Many are dressed this morning in their Sunday best; some young men, who have distinguished themselves hitherto by their dissipated habits, have donned high hats, fashionable coats, and kid gloves, and are marching along the passages in mock solemnity, as if going to church, much to the amusement of a few of their associates. Many are reading novels, and a few religious books. I sit down and quietly read a chapter out of the Book of Isaiah, and find it good to meditate upon the loving-kindness of the Lord, and to lift up my heart in praise to Him whose providential care has hitherto preserved us amid the perils of the deep. My heart responded to the injunction of the prophet, "*Sing unto the Lord a new song, and His praise from the ends of the earth; ye that go down to the sea and all that is therein, the isles, and the inhabitants thereof.*"

Yes, sing, O troubled heart!
Tossed on life's sea;
For loved of God thou art,—
Loved faithfully.

His own Almighty arm
Guards thy frail bark,
Through storms that strike alarm,
In light and dark.

BOUND FOR AUSTRALIA

Yes, sing, a song of praise,
A sweet, new song!
New mercies crown our days
Life's way along.

New songs new mercies make!
Old songs then prove
Too cold, when hearts awake
With grateful love.

A goodly number wend their way into the first saloon to hear the bishop preach, and he gave them a good evangelical sermon from the text, "*Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.*" He showed most emphatically, that though the door of salvation was wide enough to admit all, yet it must be entered personally; that salvation was not for the future life as many imagined, just to deliver men from hell, or send them into heaven at the hour of death, but it was a daily salvation from the dominion of our evil propensities and dispositions; that the future life depended upon the character we formed in this. The calling upon God that saves a man must come from a heart that sincerely resolves to give up sin, and this could only arise as sin was seen in its true light. The sermon was much appreciated; many saying that it was the best that the bishop had given us; showing that the more full of the old problems of sin and salvation sermons are, the better men like to hear them. There was a service in the afternoon in the steerage; despite the cold, a considerable number gathered on the top deck to hear a short sermon by the Rev. E. Gratton on *The merchantman seeking goodly pearls*. Mr. Gratton also preached in the second saloon in the

evening. There was a considerable congregation and a very good service. I was glad to be well enough to take part in it by offering prayer and reading the lesson. There was a gracious influence as Mr. Gratton discoursed on the words, "*I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil.*" His appeals to the Christians present to be true to their convictions and witness for God were timely and effective. He bade them remember their early associations, their connection with the Church in the land they had left, and the vows of allegiance to God which they had often made, and stand forth as true followers of their Master. We were not taken out of the world, because we were needed in it. We had the virtue of Christ's prayer, and in His strength we might be fearless and strong. The preacher's words were listened to by many with thankfulness, some saying, "that it was an oasis in the desert, a sunny islet in the dreary sea," and most felt stronger for the service to serve God and do the right.

A few sacred melodies close the Sabbath with the devout; but some end it by drinking freely at the bar, and becoming somewhat riotous. Distance run, 288 miles; lat. 40° 10', long. 50° 07'.

August 13th.—A much finer morning, but still very cold. The luggage is brought on deck again, and there is a notice posted up that this will be the last time before reaching Adelaide. The captain has ordered all our ventilators to be opened; this will probably do but little good, as the draught through the place this cold weather will give many cold, and

this is the forerunner of most complaints. The second saloon is very badly ventilated; the air is either too foul to breathe, or it rushes through in such cutting draughts that few escape harm. This afternoon a wrecked ship floated by us. It was evidently the remnants of one of about 1,000 tons; the masts and rigging were gone, the main deck had been nearly carried away, the stem and a few broken planks were all that remained visible above the water. What a tale of distress and horror might be conjured up by the imagination as we look at this floating derelict!

In crossing the Atlantic to America, these floating hulks are often seen, and government ships sometimes fire upon them and sink them, as they are likely to be run into and cause mischief and disaster. Human wrecks float upon the sea of life, and they often cause ruin to others. The world is full of wreckage. It is often needful to give those who have been wrecked by vice a wide berth. Some are too much ruined for any human influence to repair them; we can only guard ourselves against their influence upon us, and leave them to the Spirit of God, who knows the way to reach the most depraved. Distance run to-day, 306 miles; lat. $41^{\circ} 20'$, long. $56^{\circ} 40'$.

August 14th.—A fearful disturbance in the night. A number of our drunkards became quarrelsome, and there were several fights. A little after one o'clock, they assembled in the second saloon, and used the most disgusting language. The ladies in the berths surrounding the saloon were much frightened; these evildoers continued drinking and swearing there till

nearly three o'clock, and one of them, in his drunken folly, rang the bell which is used to awake the passengers in the morning. There was great alarm, some rushing out of their cabins, thinking that the ship was on fire. A memorial was drawn up to-day, and signed by the ladies, requiring the captain to use his authority, and end the drunken disorder which culminated in the horrible scenes of this morning. It was presented by two ladies. He said that he would soon put a stop to the disorder; that the first man reported to him to be drunk, should be put in prison, and if unruly, put in irons.

The passengers talked a good deal to-day about the disturbance and the decision of the captain, and the way it was likely to be received by the tipplers. But the day being fine, there was a large amount of promenading on deck, and we saw a splendid rainbow. It was a perfect arch of beauty, its colours were most vivid, and its bases seemed to penetrate several feet into the water.

There is something that awakens thoughts of early days in the rainbow. It is one of the first natural beauties that arrest the eye of the child, and set him wondering how all things are made. Who cannot remember with what pleasure and wonder he, as a child, gazed upon it, as the fond finger of a mother pointed towards it in the sky? We can say with Wordsworth :

“My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began :
So is it now I am a man :

So let it be when I grow old,
Or let me die.
The child is father to the man ;
And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

This evening a young man, one of the disturbing party, though not the worst of them, began to shout and rave under the influence of drink. A crowd gathered round him, and some begged of him to desist, but he only shouted the more ; a few minutes only elapsed before the chief officer came down with a few of the seamen, and they seized him and carried him off to the prison. A number of the crowd applauded the action by clapping their hands and cheering ; but this gave great offence to an elderly gentleman from the Cape, who reprovved the company, telling them it was most unchristian and unenglish to rejoice at the downfall of another, and that the fault was in those who sold the drink and not in the young fellow for drinking it. I could not hear this patiently, though I had not applauded, and when he had finished, I quietly but firmly said "that the demonstration of feeling which had been seen, but in which I had taken no part, was not an attempt to rejoice over one who had fallen, but to applaud the officers of the ship for doing their duty : that order must be maintained, and that some of us were determined if possible to see the present disgraceful condition of things put down." My remarks were received with applause by most present, but the toppers looked very sullen, and one of them, a good deal the worse for drink, and who had frequently made himself

notorious in that way, began to rail at me and threaten me, saying that I was the cause of the action taken by the officers. He had scarcely finished his attack when the chief officer returned with his men and seized him and carried him off to be with his companion in drunkenness for the night. There was quite a consternation among "the lewd fellows of the baser sort," though some of them vowed revenge. Very soon, however, quietness reigned in the saloon; and by eleven o'clock, when the lights were put out, all had retired to their berths. Distance run to-day, 298 miles; lat. $41^{\circ} 29'$, long. $63^{\circ} 17'$.

August 15th—Most pleased this morning at the quiet night that has been enjoyed in the second saloon, but no sooner are the two delinquents let out of prison than some of their companions begin to give them drink and one of them becomes intoxicated again. He is quite wild, and has to be secured and watched over; once or twice he tried to leap overboard, and would have done so if he had not been restrained. Poor fellow! he has not been habitually drinking like some on board, but he has associated with the drunkards and taken part in their disgraceful diversions, and now he is suffering the consequences. It is the old story of keeping bad company and suffering for it. "A companion of fools shall be destroyed." Apparently he has been respectably brought up, but by associating with drunkards and swearers he has contracted bad habits, and these have brought him suffering and shame. He is lying on deck now partly covered with tarpaulin, a striking picture of the work of the drink-fiend.

The third-class passengers who have often been snubbed by the second-class—for the caste-spirit is very strong on board—put up on the notice board a squib to-day. In each saloon there are select circles that will not mix with others, and between the saloons there is no small social distance. In the first saloon, they are so divided into little coteries that they cannot arrange for concerts or amusements of any kind. This is not the case in the other saloons; but the second have ever set themselves against any infringement by the third on their quarters, and a short time ago even passed a resolution excluding the third from the religious service in their saloon on the Sunday evening, ostensibly on sanitary grounds, but this was not believed by the third-class passengers who wished to attend. And now the second-class had brought dishonour on themselves by drink, a poet among them essayed an ironical reproof. It was as follows:

The *Orient* steamship second-class
Are not the most refined, alas!
Their conduct brings such—Roaring Lions—
To prison cells and blacksmith's irons.

Their manners to the "aft and fore,"
Are such as never known before.
They even keep them out of church,
And crow like bantams on a perch.

As though the money (£) made the men!
They snub the third and pooh at them.
They "boose," and "mash," and get to "quod,"
Getting their drink by "Tommy Dodd."

'Twere well if they would better act,
And prove the oft-asserted fact ;
Example before precept most is heeded,
And both in second-class are needed."

But unfortunately for the credit of the third, the day had not passed before two of them were seized and put in prison for drunkenness ; and the evil seems to be spreading, for some of the employès in the galleys have been treated by the passengers, and have become drunk and disorderly, and have been put in irons. The young man, too, has become so wild and determined to commit suicide that he is again locked up. So the struggle goes on to put down this evil. There is much excitement on board and nothing else is talked about to-day. It is very fine but cold ; the wind still against us. Distance run, 295 miles ; lat. $41^{\circ} 54'$, long. $69^{\circ} 47'$.

August 16th—A fine, bright morning. Very cold, but the air is clear and bracing. The sun is shining very brightly and it is pleasant on deck ; the sea is very smooth but full of long rolling waves and this makes the ship roll considerably. The young man is still in the prison and is attended by the doctor. He has had *delirium tremens* and will be kept in custody until he recovers. The others have been discharged, the captain having read over to them the Log in which their misdemeanour is recorded ; telling them that a copy of it will be sent to the police authorities of the port where they land. There has been much more quietness and order on board to-day. The action of the officers of the ship has done good.

A whale was sighted to-day. It was about two

miles away, and at that distance did not appear a very large one; it was probably not more than thirty feet long. It spouted the water up to a considerable height. Some of the whales seen in this part of the ocean are often sixty or seventy feet in length and thirty in girth: they often have a mass of blubber that weighs twenty-five tons. They are enormous creatures, sporting with the grace and ease of the smallest of the finny tribe. We also saw a number of dolphins sporting at a short distance from the ship. These are small fish in comparison with the whale; they are seldom more than about seven feet long, but they are generally seen in shoals gambolling in the most lively way, executing the strangest manœuvres as they leap over one another in clumsy playfulness. The dolphin used to be regarded by the ancient poets as the peculiar friend of man. If an accident happened at sea, the dolphin would offer itself to convey the unfortunate mariner to the shore; if a musician or gentle-spirited philosopher were thrown into the water by pirates, they would be seen safely sitting on the dolphin's back and being conveyed safely to some desirable haven. We know not the origin of this superstition. There is little in the shape or nature of the fish to account for it. It is very rapacious, and its favourite resort is where there are shoals of herrings or other similar fish. It will devour a great many of them. Its mouth is peculiarly constructed to seize its slippery prey. Its teeth are pointed and flattened, and curved slightly in a backward direction, and between any two of its teeth there is a space equal to the width of another tooth, so that

when the jaw is closed the teeth interlock perfectly. Its prey has no chance of escape. It is black on the back and of a bright silvery white underneath, but when it is first taken out of the water, all kinds of beautiful colours are seen to play upon it until it dies. The flesh of this fish used to be esteemed a luxury among the Romans and also in this country. Dr. Caius says, that one that was caught in his time was thought worthy to be presented to the Duke of Norfolk, and he distributed it among his friends. It was roasted and served up with porpoise sauce, made of white bread crumb mixed with vinegar and sugar. It is now no longer eaten. The sea is full of life. God must delight in life, not death. In every place, living creatures adapted to their sphere exist and sport in thrilling sensuous ecstasy. Here are "things creeping innumerable." "In wisdom hath He made them all." All His works praise Him. Let not man, His highest creation on the earth, be silent. Distance run to-day, 297 miles; lat. $41^{\circ} 17'$, long. $76^{\circ} 25'$.

August 17th.—Very fine morning again, and a little warmer. The wind which has been a head wind has veered round to the north and the sails are being unfurled. We hope we have reached as far south as our captain intends to take us, and shall be soon going in a direct line for the Australian coast. We hope it will soon be a little warmer.

There was another humorous paper on the third-class notice board to-day: they have a few among them who are fond of recording the foibles of their fellow-passengers, and little escapes them. A few days ago a grievance meeting was held in the steerage, and

a large number of complaints were freely made. There was much noisy declamation, and it was determined to draw up a memorial, to be presented to the captain. The memorial was drawn up, but not enough were found to have the courage of their convictions and sign it, or those appointed to present it could not screw theirs to the sticking place and face the captain in his den, and so the memorial remained a striking illustration of how the enthusiasm manifested in public assemblies evaporates outside, and in the following clever way this was notified in the form of an epitaph :

“S.S. Orient.—In Memory of the Grand Memorial, which died a natural death at sea, without medical aid ; but during its brief life, it accomplished the ends for which it was brought into existence. It had many friends but few enemies. Its power was much feared by the guilty. The medical profession may profit by a diagnosis of its symptoms, and learn therefrom many lessons of usefulness. Future generations of passengers may give thanks for a life so usefully spent in their interests. A life short in itself, but most honourably and unselfishly devoted to the relief of the sorely oppressed ; yet mindful of the susceptibilities of the oppressors. And also in memory of the committee. Requiescat in pace.”

A great crowd was soon gathered around it, and it was discussed with a vivacity which cannot be understood by those who have never experienced the pleasure with which any new sensation is welcomed during the many insipid hours spent on a long voyage. The third-class have, doubtless, some hardships, but they are conveyed to the colonies at a very cheap rate, and cannot expect much better accommodation than they get

for their money. Distance run, 308 miles; lat. $41^{\circ} 22'$, long. $83^{\circ} 13'$.

August 18th.—A bright morning, but still very cold. A good breeze from the north fills our sails and speeds us on our journey at a more rapid rate. The sea is very beautiful again to-day. It is now of a deep blue, and the short broken waves are pencilled over with white streaks of foam, often giving it the appearance of an extensive landscape on a winter's morning, when there has been a slight fall of snow. The colour of the sea varies very much: sometimes it is of a deep green, sometimes of a dark brown, and at other times of various shades of green and blue. The explanation of this, according to an article in *Science for All*, is the amount of salt in it. "It appears, as the result of recent observation, and more especially of a series of experiments made on board the German frigate *Gazelle*, that there is an intimate relation between the colour of sea water, and the proportion of salt held in solution by the latter. On comparing the specific gravity of green water with that of blue water, it was found that the latter is always heavier than the former, and therefore, at the same time more salt, the two differently coloured waters being supposed to have the same temperature. In other words, the greater or lesser intensity of the blue colour of sea water may be taken as a direct index of its saltiness, and of its specific gravity, so that when we observe the colour of the water successively change from a deep blue to a bluish green and a dark green, we may conclude that the water has become less salt and less heavy."

In the evening I was taken by one of the engineers

to see the engines. Descending several flights of steps, I at last reached a spot where I could look up and see the whole machinery at work. It was a sight to fill one with awe and wonder at the creative power of man. There are three engines in one, and their propelling force is estimated to be equal to five thousand six hundred horse power; they can give a revolution of fifty-eight strokes a minute, but they are seldom worked at their full speed. I went round to where the handles were that stopped, or slackened, or reversed the engines; and I asked how long it would take to stop or reverse them. "It can be done in a second, sir. Bring this handle down, and that one up, and it is done, sir." A slight movement of a man's arm, and all this huge mass of moving rods and cranks and hissing cylinders would be still; another movement, and on they would go either in the same direction or in the opposite; so perfect is the control which man has over the work of his hands! and yet, how slight the accident, and he and his work would be dashed into a thousand pieces! One almost trembled as one looked at the imprisoned forces around.

I went further and saw the condensing engines that drew the salt water from the sea, turned it into fresh water, and supplied the boilers; the engines that made the electric light; and the wonderful steam refrigerator. This was the greatest novelty to me. I had never seen snow and ice made by steam before. It appears that the process is very simple: an engine compresses the air and drives it through sea water; this coming out of the water still compressed and cold, as it expands it becomes colder still and generates frost and snow. An immense store-room, where can be

stored two thousand sheep, besides quarters of beef, fowls and other kinds of food, is covered all round with ice and snow as the result of this engine's work ; and the room can be kept at zero. This is a great advantage, as good fresh meat can be supplied to the passengers all through the voyage without the trouble of keeping live stock on board. I also visited the stoke-holes, and saw the furnaces : there are twenty-four of them keeping four immense boilers constantly going at a pressure of seventy pounds to the square inch. I saw, too, the coal bunkers, where nearly three thousand tons of coal can be stored. I returned to the main deck, after seeing all these marvellous sights, very much more impressed than I have ever been with the wondrous ingenuity of man. If he were only as virtuous as he is inventive, what a noble being he would be ! May the day soon come when he shall devote his powers not only to utilize the forces of the universe, but to remove from himself and his fellows the direful curse of evil ! Moral evil is at the root of his miseries, and yet how little effort he makes to destroy it ! In the future, there may come an age when the work of banishing evil shall evoke the genius of the race, and men's skill and energy shall be concentrated upon this great work. The *Orient Masher* was read again to-night, and this time it excelled itself in vulgarity and personality. It is a wonder that the passengers caricatured bear it so patiently. It is a moonlight night : the wind is rising and a squall is anticipated, but we retire to rest trusting in the care of Him who hitherto has protected us, and believing that He will watch over us still. Distance run, 318 miles ; lat. $41^{\circ} 37'$, long. $90^{\circ} 17'$.

Sunday, August 19th.—Very rough morning; the waves are rolling grandly, and occasionally break over the ship. It is only on the lee-side that it is safe to stand. The sailors who have been on watch report that a large four-masted sailing ship was passed by us about three o'clock; that she was driving along splendidly before the wind, probably bound like ourselves for the Australian coast. The roughness of the day has interfered with the success of the services. At the service held in the first saloon the curate officiated, the bishop being too unwell to attend. The sermon was a very rhetorical one, from the text, "*He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied.*" It was an address on the duties of England in relation to the countries she has conquered, and the colonies she has founded; he said that God had given us as a nation great responsibilities, and we had to a very large extent not fulfilled them. We had greedily striven for wealth; we had oppressed; we had spread our vices among the nations we had annexed to our empire, and had forgotten to evangelize them, and it behoved us to consider our ways; but one blessing, and the chief one—the *preacher strangely said*—was given to them, and that was the priesthood of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The young man is of the High Church school, and will, if not restrained by his bishop, develop into a full blown Ritualist. There was a collection made at the close for the marine charities, and only £6 15s. were raised. The captain was very much annoyed at the small sum collected, and hinted that some of the gentlemen who drank so much champagne might have given more. There was

no service this afternoon, as it has set in very squally ; the sailors are very busy reefing and taking in the sails. We have had three carried away. A service was held in the second saloon, conducted by the Rev. W. Shaw and myself. Mr. Shaw preached a very effective sermon upon the work of the Holy Spirit in convincing the world of sin and righteousness and a judgment to come. Some must have felt his appeals very keenly. Sin becomes a fact in men's consciousness when God's spirit works upon them, however much they may soften down their misdeeds ; a standard of right is then clearly seen which they have forsaken, and they know that coming judgment awaits them. This is probably the last service that will be held in our saloon, as all being well we shall be in Adelaide next Sunday. One cannot help wondering whether any have received permanent good from them. The wind is increasing. The waves are dashing over the bulwarks, and running down into the saloons. We are going to have a dark stormy night.

“ In the storm, O Saviour, hide us,
We are safe beneath Thy care ;
In Thy arms, no harms betide us,
And Thy love is everywhere.”

Distance run to-day, 320 miles ; lat. $41^{\circ} 27'$, long. $97^{\circ} 25'$.

August 20th.—We have had scarcely any sleep as it has been terribly rough ; the great waves, more than thirty feet high, have come dashing against the ship's stern and port-side with a noise like thunder, making the ship quiver from stem to stern. The sea has

sometimes washed over the decks, and rushed down into the cabins. In the steerage they are flooded. It has been very difficult to keep in the berths, and most have some tale to tell this morning of a desperate adventure or two. Many are suffering from want of rest. The sleep that is got when the ship is pitching and rolling does not refresh; all the time we are sleeping there is a semi-consciousness that we are being rolled to and fro, and every now and then a lurch more heavy than usual comes, and we are waked up with the jerk; and the noise of the screw too is very distressing when it is rough. The sea looks awfully grand this morning from the stern. Two or three of us venture there, and stand and gaze upon the mighty waves as they rise and swell and break upon us. It is well for us in this gale that we are running before the wind; if we had to meet the waves, as the wind is now blowing, it would be terrible indeed; and it is well too, that we are in a large, strong, and well-built ship; what it must be to cross the ocean in a small and leaky vessel, and meet such heavy seas as these, cannot be described. Our vessel cuts through the waves with quite a masterful air, though she is tossed about and quivers and rocks as they furiously play upon her. There is no fear of wreck or disaster on board. Wild as it is, we all feel sure our good ship will weather it. Towards evening the gale had abated a little, and we are all becoming more cheerful. A lady, a first-class passenger, who came on board at Cape Town, telling a tale of distress, stating that she had lost all through the perfidy of a friend, put up a cushion elegantly embroidered, as

a raffle, and raised in that way five or six pounds. The raffling was taken up with great spirit, and made an hour's diversion. A sale by auction was also held this evening, which made a good deal of merriment, especially as a middle-aged bachelor had knocked down to him a pair of baby's shoes, and a gentleman, whose face was not of the palest and most delicate hue, became possessed of two boxes of paint in succession. Distance run to-day, 326 miles; lat. $42^{\circ} 03'$, long. $104^{\circ} 43'$. We find by the latitude that we are more southerly to-day than yesterday; this has resulted from ocean currents, and the strong wind from the north. We hope that we shall go steadily towards the north, where we may expect warmer and more springlike weather.

August 21st.—It was very rough in the night again, and very little sleep was enjoyed. It is, however, calmer this morning, and the air is milder. As the day opens and the sun shines out, it becomes quite pleasant on deck. Some are bringing their chairs out again, and general hilarity prevails. There is much speculation as to the time when we shall reach Adelaide. In the first saloon, a sporting gentleman has started a half-crown sweepstake, and betting on the date of our landing is becoming common. It will be delightful to be on land once more, and to feel it firm beneath our feet, to see the grass and flowers, the hills and dales, the rocky glen and wooded slope, the quiet hamlet, the city mart, and the familiar haunts of men, to mix once more in the family circle, to jostle against the busy throng, and to go with the multitude that keep holy day; to hear once more the

news of the great throbbing world, and the daily *rat tat* of the postman's knock. The eyes grow tired of gazing upon the sea, and we begin to feel "cabined and confined" in the small well-travelled world of the *Orient*, and desire to see some new faces on the scene. "There are people," Rochefoucauld says, "*who, like new songs, are in vogue only for a time,*" and this is true of many here; they have worn themselves out; and most will be glad to change them for new acquaintances. It is amusing to see how the social circles form, break up through little quarrels, and form again here. Some become close friends in a few days, and then in a few more are open foes. Those are the wisest who are friendly with all, but familiar with very few. Mr. Gratton gave a lecture this evening on "Sammy Hick," to the men in the fore-castle; he was listened to with very great attention. The poorer class here, as elsewhere, listen best to Christian teaching. Some in visiting the engine-room to-night had to pay their footing. It is a custom among the sailors and stokers, to watch for any trespassers upon their quarters very sharply, and if they find any, they will come and make a chalk mark near their feet, and then will not let them go without paying blackmail. Some gentlemen were marked and captured the other day before the breakwater at the bows, and paid a half-crown each to get their liberty, furnishing no small degree of amusement to those who happened to see them caught in the trap. It is a fine moonlight night, and there is a lunar rainbow visible. Distance run to-day, 304 miles; lat. $40^{\circ} 55'$, long. $111^{\circ} 18'$.

August 22nd.—We have had another painful scene

during the night through drink. A gentleman became fearfully intoxicated, and in the middle of the night was seized with *delirium tremens*: he rushed out of his cabin through the saloon, undressed as he was, swearing and vowing with an oath that he would shoot down all he met: his poor wife followed him, and tried to hold him back; fortunately there were several of the passengers who had not retired to their cabins in the saloon, and these, with the assistance of the stewards on watch, secured him and took him back to his bed, and kept him there. The doctor has ordered him to be taken to the hospital, where he now lies in a wild, restless condition. Strong drink is a terrible evil here, and is a constant troubler of our peace. We suppose that shipping companies find it profitable to supply it to their passengers: but if the company would run a ship upon strictly teetotal principles, most respectable people would prefer to travel in it.

It has been much finer and warmer to-day, and the deck is once more full of the passengers promenading. We are now in a line with Cape Leeuwin, and shall run for some days parallel with the Australian coast, across the Australian Bight. We see a fresh kind of bird to-day: whole flocks of them skim over the waves, and dart to and fro flashing like silver in the sunlight. They are called by the passengers Australian swallows; they are about the size and shape of our English swallows, but are of a light grey colour. We are still followed by the Cape pigeons, albatrosses, and mollymawks. Day and night, these wanderers of the ocean are seen at the stern of the ship whirling round and round, swooping down upon some piece of gar-

bage, or swiftly flying past us and back again. Their strength of wing must be enormous; they must sleep and rest as they fly. There is a dance to-night on the main deck. A few of us quietly walk to and fro conversing, and admiring the glorious heavens now full of stars. The noise of the band and the pattering feet of the dancers seem almost a desecration of the solemn beauty of the night.

"The heavens are drawing us
From earth commotion;
The great stars are awing us
Into devotion.

Distance run to-day 308, miles; lat. $39^{\circ} 54'$, long. $117^{\circ} 55'$.

August 23rd.—A most lovely day. Preparations are being made for reaching Adelaide. The signal halyards are hoisted, the gangways are being repaired, and extra cleaning and painting are being done. The sailors played a good joke upon the passengers in the forecastle last night; knowing the anxiety felt to see land, one of them said to another, in the hearing of the bystanders, "I say, Jack, look out for a light on the port-side, to-night;" then another said, "The captain says there'll be a light on the port-side to-night," and then another made a similar statement. The passengers began to take notice of these remarks, and the report soon spread, and before long a great crowd gathered on the port-side looking out for this light. They waited some time, and when beginning to grow impatient, a light appeared, but it was the silvery light of the moon that gradually rose up out of the sea in the distant horizon! Most felt as if they had been moon-



MOONLIGHT AT SEA.

struck indeed! It was a sight to see the crowd disperse and retire to their cabins. The sailors had really caught the landsmen in a trap. There were some athletic sports among the first-class to-day; also there was an auction by which £12 were raised for the marine charities. Distance run, 304 miles; lat. $38^{\circ} 26'$, long. $124^{\circ} 10'$.

August 24th.—Another fine, bright day. The air is quite soft and balmy. The rowdies have taken a new mode of annoying the quiet, decent folk on board. They have commenced the farm-yard nuisance. From twelve to two o'clock this morning, they were making the most hideous noises, crowing like cocks, baaing like lambs, lowing like oxen, and quacking like ducks; we could almost have imagined that we were sleeping in an old farm-house in the old country. Several attempts were made to stop it in vain. At last, early in the morning, silence reigned. Two whales were seen to-day. In the evening there was a most gorgeous sunset. There was a huge dark cloud in the west, and as the sun sunk behind it, some of the most varied manifestations of majestic beauty revealed themselves. The large cloud looked at first like a grand range of purple mountains with a fiery cone illuminating the whole of their summits: then as the sun descended, here and there appeared streaks of golden light, which formed as the dark mass was broken deep shining ravines, and it needed little imagination to see clumps of trees and rugged glens and even stately mansions studding the sloping cliffs: then there broke out in the midst a fiery mount like molten gold burning its way through, until all the varied irregularities melted away into one

resplendent brightness : and then all along the range appeared small clouds of steamy whiteness as though volcanos were pouring out their sulphureous vapours, or some light fleecy clouds had gathered upon the mountains, and these became tinted with yellow and red as the rays of the sun touched them. And so ever varying, and ever bursting forth into fresh glories, this great cloud beautified by the setting sun was an object of indescribable splendour. We gazed and gazed until our eyes were dim with the excessive brightness, and gradually the light faded from it and it became only a cloud again, black and dense upon the horizon. May we not learn a lesson here ? Are we not either luminous by the Spirit of God shining through us, making us bright with an unearthly glory, or only dark, dense, ominous clouds, making the gloom denser in this twilight of time ? The last number of the *Orient Masher* was read to-night. Most felt relieved when the reading was finished. It has created a good deal of ill-feeling by its personalities. After a walk on deck, we retire to our berths about eleven o'clock. Distance run to-day, 305 miles ; lat. $36^{\circ} 56'$, long. $130^{\circ} 17'$.





CHAPTER IX.

In Sight of Land and Arribal at Melbourne.



UGUST 25th.—A very bright morning. Everyone on the look-out for land. Glasses are in requisition, and one or two false cries of "Land ahead!" create a good deal of excitement. At last, about twelve o'clock, a thin, dark streak begins to appear along the horizon on the port-side, and glasses are turned towards it, and in a few moments the magic words, "There's land!" passed from one to another, and apparently quicker than communications are spread by telegraph, everyone on board seemed to know that we had sighted the shores of the new world. It was the Neptune Island, a small one lying not far from the entrance of the Investigator Straits. A few minutes after, we sight the Kangaroo Island on the other side. This is the largest one belonging to South Australia, and is eighty-five miles long and thirty broad. Its light coloured cliffs, broken by irregular glens and ending often in rounded hill sides, reminded many of

us of the shores of our native land. It used to be a noted sealing station, and its name, it is said, was obtained in a very peculiar way. We are told, that some sailors landing there for the first time, and seeing a great number of the animals that are now called kangaroos, asked the natives their name, and they, not understanding the question, replied in their language, "Kan-ga-roo," which meant, that they did not comprehend; but this gave the name to the animal, and ultimately to the island. Goldsmith, however, asserts that the last syllable of the word—*roo* signifies *animal* in the native language. The first settlement of the South Australian Company was made here, but was soon abandoned. It is now but thinly peopled. There is a lighthouse and a telegraph station on Cape Borda, which is very visible now, and as soon as we are seen by the watchers there, they will telegraph our arrival to Adelaide. We next see the Wedge Island, which lies like a colossal wedge with its point towards the ocean; then we see the Artholps, a huge mountain with a lighthouse like a stone finger on the top clearly visible, against the blue heavens, with the naked eye. And steaming on between Kangaroo Island and York Peninsular we make our way towards Port Adelaide in St. Vincent's Gulf. Is it not strange that after travelling thirteen thousand miles across the deep we should reach the direct line of entrance into this harbour? What a triumph of human knowledge! Night and day, through storm and calm, we have gone on our way, eating and drinking, amusing ourselves and sleeping, scarcely ever troubling ourselves for a moment whether we

were going in the right direction, leaving this to our captain and officers on the bridge, and yet here we find ourselves in just the right spot on the great wide deep, with the coast on each side of us, steaming up this Strait straight for the Adelaide Ports. If there had been a line laid down, and like an express train we had run upon it, we could not have come in a more direct way to our destination. It is a wonderful illustration of the perfection of the science of navigation. Sun, moon, and stars, sea currents, magnetic influences, coast lines, soundings, winds have all been investigated and their varying aspects tabulated, until almost a perfect knowledge of them has been obtained, and the mariner may take his vessel over the trackless main with as much certainty as a coach can be driven along the king's highways. We can only wonder and be thankful to God who has given such power to man. I was requested at the dinner table, as chairman of the second saloon, to express the sentiments of the assembled company, and in addressing my fellow-passengers, I urged them to be grateful to the Giver of all good for His care over us, as we had been brought so safely across the mighty deep. We have not had a death on board or a serious accident, and although we have had some days of stormy weather, we have had on the whole a most prosperous voyage. There was a thanksgiving meeting held in the steerage in the afternoon. As the evening drew on, more and more of the coast became visible, and when the darkness stole over sea and land, light after light gleamed out, and at twenty minutes to eleven, we drop anchor opposite Largo Bay, not far from the Semaphore

lighthouse; a cheer rose up from the hundreds assembled on the decks, which was repeated again and again. Towards twelve o'clock, the excitement had somewhat subsided, and we retired to rest. We had run about 430 miles since noon of the previous day.

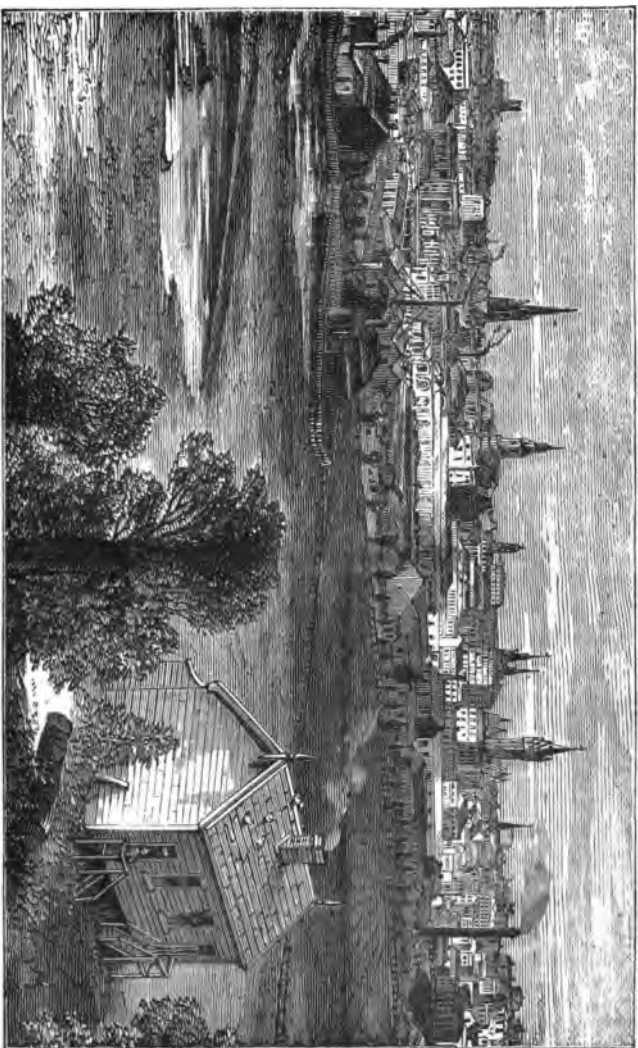
Sunday, August 26th.—Most rose early in the morning to get a view of the new land. Going on deck and looking across the water to the shore, the first appearance was not very attractive. We could see a long, low stretch of sand and barren-looking soil, interspersed here and there with a few clusters of houses, and one hotel rising very prominently above the rest of the edifices. There was Glenelg in the distance, and Port Adelaide with its ships behind Largo Bay, while farther in, under the shadow of Mount Lofty, we could dimly perceive the city of Adelaide itself, the "Queen of South Australia," as it is called. The great questions with most were, "Will they allow us to go on shore?" "Shall we be put in quarantine?" for the yellow flag with the cross upon it was flying from the mast-head; the doctor from the shore had not arrived, and we had two passengers who had not yet recovered from the measles. We were kept in suspense some hours. After breakfast, and while waiting to know whether we should have the pleasure of landing and perhaps attending a religious service on shore, I went round to the stern of the ship, and there I found a large number of a new kind of bird flying in sportive circles and cawing like a flock of rooks in a wood. Our Cape pigeons and albatrosses and mollymawks had all disappeared; they had probably gone back, following the *Iberia*, one of the

Orient line, which passed us last evening about seven o'clock. It is said that they follow ships to and fro across the ocean—a strange wandering life, but one for which they are finely adapted by their marvellous power of wing. The birds now flying around were Australian gulls; they were of a creamy white colour, and their legs were of a bright pink. There were some larger ones among them chiefly with white breasts and speckled wings. Also there were some birds of the penguin kind, sitting like sentinels on the buoys, and which amused us by their awkward mode of flying.

About ten o'clock, a boat from the custom house arrived, with the news that it was being discussed whether we should be put in quarantine or not: that if a case of measles could be found in Port Adelaide we should be allowed to land; but if not, we should be put in quarantine. There was a great deal of chaffing between our captain and the captain of the tug, our captain offering to get up a subscription if a case of measles could be found or manufactured. Another half hour's suspense, and the doctor arrived, giving us permission to land. The yellow flag was soon down, and the tug was quickly filled with passengers—some leaving the ship not to return to it. We were taken to the jetty, a long wooden one, which led up to the station. But there was no train until twenty minutes past one. The bishop, who was of our company, suggested that one should be telegraphed for to Adelaide: this was done, but it did not arrive till one o'clock; meanwhile we rambled along the beach, and towards Glenelg. We found that Largo Bay was a new watering-place; many of the roads about it were unfinished,

and the houses had the appearance of being recently erected. There was a nice stretch of sand bordering the sea, but very little else to make the place attractive. The vegetation was very thin in the neighbourhood, and we were told that in the summer not a blade of grass was to be seen, everything was burnt up by the heat. After a ride of about eight or nine miles, through meadows, small towns, and groves of cedar and red gum trees, we reached the city of Adelaide. We walked along several of the principal streets, hoping to find a church or chapel open which we could attend, but we found none until we reached the cathedral, on the north side of the city. We entered it, and found an aged clergyman reading the baptismal service, two mothers being present with their babies, one of whom was proving to a demonstration the possession of considerable lung power. There was only one other worshipper present. We were not much edified, and as our time was very limited, we soon left. The cathedral is a new one and not quite finished; it will doubtless be a very magnificent structure, but being accustomed to the historic grandeur surrounding the famous ecclesiastical piles of England, it seemed to lack much of the interest generally felt in such sacred buildings. We also saw the beautiful botanical gardens, and the museum, which are both open to the public on Sundays, and had a look at several public buildings, such as hospitals, galleries of art, &c., and about five o'clock took the train back to the pier.

Adelaide is a most charming city: there seemed an entire absence of squalor and filth, the streets are well-built in orderly rows, widely apart, and often em-



MELBOURNE.

bellished by trees and fountains. The river Torrens runs through it, and the banks laid out in gardens, and the bridges over it, add much to the beauty of the place.

We reached the ship about six, and had hardly finished tea, when a most exciting scene occurred. A gentleman from Brighton, Mr. F. A. Carter, with whom I had formed a friendship on board, and to whose kindness in supplying me with literature on the sea, and making suggestions, I am much indebted, found on going to his cabin, that he had been robbed. His cash box containing twenty pounds, some jewellery, and several important letters and valued photographs, had been taken from his trunk, while he had been on shore. He first missed his brush and comb, and inkstand, and then searching his trunk he discovered his loss. It was at first supposed that some one who had landed in Adelaide had committed the theft, and he and two or three others started at once for the shore, to give information to the police; but he had not been gone long, before the cash box, broken open and empty, was found in his cabin upon one of the berths: this was given into the hands of the purser, and a message sent on shore that it was found. The robbery and the finding of the cash box produced a great sensation in the second saloon. A good number who had left valuable articles in their cabins during the day, went and examined their trunks to see if anything had been taken.

It is a great risk to keep much money or valuables in the cabins. Passengers are warned that they do so at their own risk. They are told to place them in the

hands of the purser. Of course, this involves a slight expense, and most people wish to avoid it, but when there are six passengers in one cabin, and all unknown to each other, and considering that many emigrate who have to leave their country "under a cloud," it is well to take every precaution against the possibility of robbery. Some get a draft on an Australian bank, or a letter of credit, and then sew it up in their clothes; others get the draft and post it to their address in the colony. The best plan is to purchase a good belt, provided with pockets, capable of holding valuable papers, drafts, and small articles of jewellery, and wear it continually. To steal from this would be difficult, and if the ship should meet with disaster, and the passengers should be compelled to leave her suddenly, everything placed in the belt could be carried away without trouble or inconvenience. I waited up until those who had gone ashore returned, and at half-past twelve o'clock, just as orders were given to weigh anchor, I retired to my berth. This has been a strange Sabbath. We have had no religious service on board, excepting one held by the Catholics, early in the morning.

August 27th.—A very beautiful morning; the sea calm and smooth, and the ship speeding on towards Melbourne. We had passed through a very narrow strait in the night called *The Back Stairs*. It was here that the *Sorata*, when it was conveying many art treasures from England to the Melbourne Exhibition of 1880, ran ashore. The bishop of Tasmania told us that his brother was one of the royal commissioners in charge of those belonging to the queen and royal family on board, and it was a great disappointment to

them that just as they were expecting to enter Melbourne with flying colours, they should be stranded here, and have to be re-shipped into a small steamboat and enter Melbourne harbour in that way. It was fortunate that no lives were lost: the ship was a good one, and though she had a large indentation in her keel where she struck on the rocks, she was got off again and repaired at Melbourne, and is now running as one of the Orient Company's best liners. We have got through this dangerous passage safely, and have again lost sight of land. There is still great excitement about the robbery. This morning in the same berth in which the cash box was found, were also found under the bedding a purse containing three notes which were stolen, and the photographs and letters. There are still five pounds missing, with some gold trinkets, and brushes, &c. The thief is evidently on board, for the bed under which these things were found was searched early this morning and nothing was found there then. He is somewhere in the ship, but who is he? Several are suspected, and about ten o'clock the purser and the chief officer commence an examination of one or two, and their boxes and persons are searched, but nothing is found. It is generally supposed now that the robbery was committed by two of the passengers, one of whom went ashore at Adelaide with his portion of the plunder, and the other remained behind, but, either through fear or compunction of conscience, returned his. It has created a very unpleasant feeling on board. Most are packing to-day and preparing for the end of the voyage. Life is full of change. Here we have no continuing city. We are continually pre-

paring for some future home. May we not forget the city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.

August 28th.—Another bright pleasant day. About eleven o'clock we sight the Port Phillip Heads, and slacken speed to take a pilot on board. We enter the magnificent bay; about two we reach Sorrento, where the quarantine station is situated. We stop there, and are subjected to scrutiny by a medical officer, and are allowed to pass on. In a few hours, city after city appears along the shores. Berwick, Brighton, and St. Kilda are easily distinguished, and all eyes are fixed to get the first sight of Williamstown, Sandwich, and Melbourne. Very soon now the ships in the harbour are seen, and in the background, houses, steeples, and towers. And just as darkness is gathering over us, we are safely moored by the pier at Williamstown, eight miles from the city of Melbourne. There are crowds to welcome us. Name after name is shouted out, and many a glad recognition takes place. One old lady had arranged that she should wave a blue flag to be recognised. This makes a little fun among the crowd, and her relative is subjected to a fire of colonial wit. But most are too busy looking for their friends to notice others. We were very glad to see a small group of ministerial brethren waiting to receive us. And when, after about an hour's waiting, the ladder was lowered, and we were allowed to land, and once more we grasped friendly hands, and were heartily welcomed to the shores of the new country, we were profoundly thankful to our Heavenly Father, who had preserved us amid so many dangers while

crossing the wide sea, and had brought us safely to
“the desired haven.”

“Here we raise our grateful voices,
Praising God on this new shore;
And in Him our heart rejoices,
And we'll praise Him evermore.”



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